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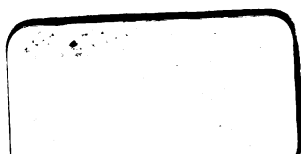
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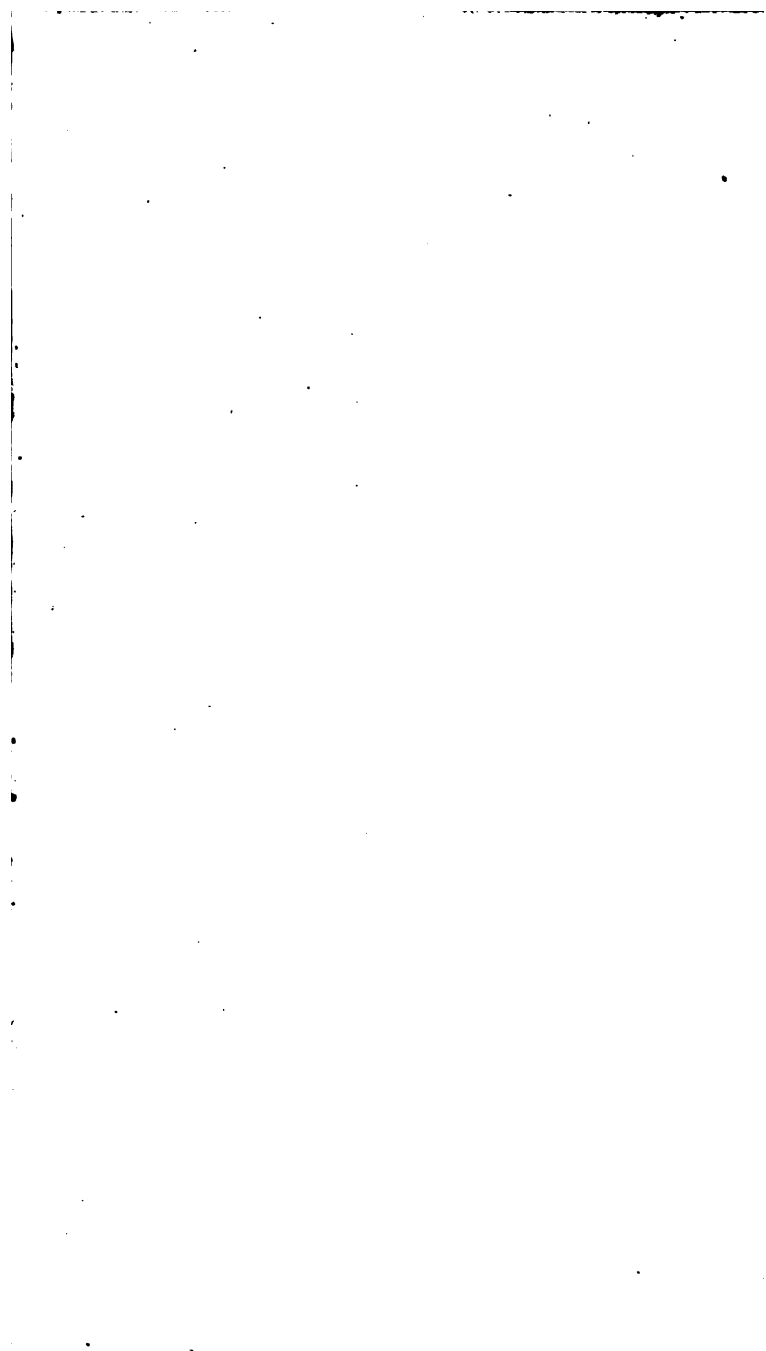


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**B. C. Scammell**





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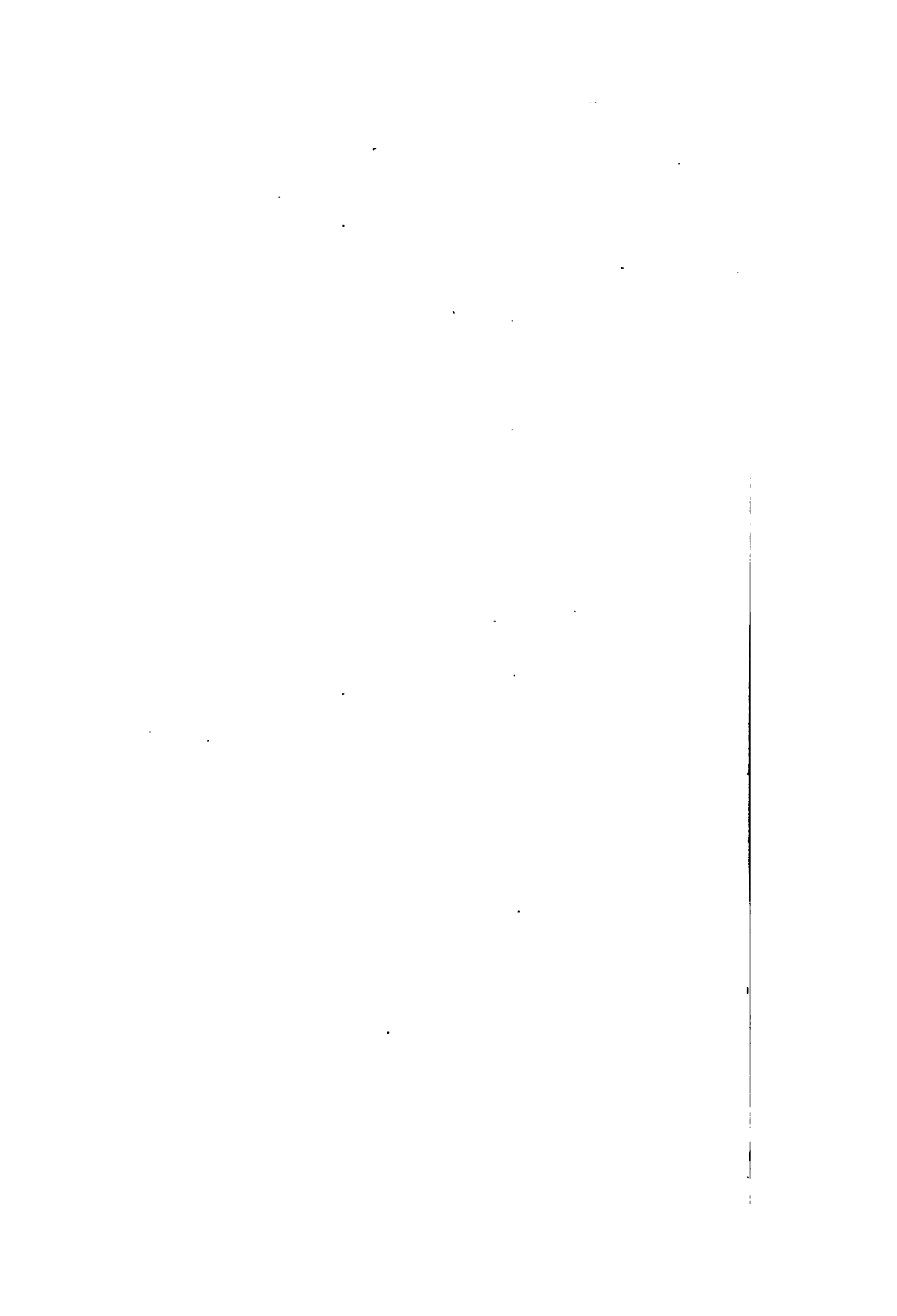
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*W. C. Macready Esq.  
with the Author's respects*

**HWOMELY RHYMES.**

**A SECOND COLLECTION OF**

**POEMS**

**IN**

**The Dorset Dialect.**

**BY**

**WILLIAM BARNES.**

**LONDON:**

**JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,**

**36, SOHO SQUARE.**

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## PREFACE.

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KIND READER,

I have taken for this volume of Dorset Poems, a mode of spelling which I believe is more intelligible than that of the former one, inasmuch as it gives the lettered Dialect more of the book-form of the national speech, and yet is so marked as to preserve, as correctly as the other, the Dorset pronunciation.

*Th* in thatch, thick, thief, thimble, thin, thing, think, thong, thorn, thumb, represent the soft clipping of *th* in *thee*.

Your humble Servant,

WILLIAM BARNES.



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## HWOMELY RHYMES.

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### BLACKMWORE MAIDENS.

THE primwose in the sheäde do blow,  
The cowslip in the zun,  
The thyme upon the down do grow,  
The clote where streams do run ;  
An' where do pretty maïdens grow  
An' blow, but where the tow'r  
Do rise among the bricken tuns,  
In Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you could zee their comely gaït,  
An' pretty feäces' smiles,  
A-trippèn on so light o' waïght,  
An' steppèn off the stiles ;  
A-gwaïn to church, as bells do swing  
An' ring within the tow'r,  
You'd own the pretty maïdens' pleäce  
Is Blackmwore by the Stour.



If you vrom Wimborne took your road,  
 To Stower or Paladore,  
 An' all the farmers' housen show'd  
 Their daeters at the door;  
 You'd cry to bachelors at hwome—  
 "Here, come: 'ithin an hour  
 You'll vind ten maïdens to your mind,  
 In Blackmwore by the Stour."

An' if you look'd 'ithin their door,  
 To zee em in their pleâce,  
 A-doèn housework up avore  
 Their smilèn mother's feâce;  
 You'd cry—"Why, if a man would wive  
 An' thrive, 'ithout a dow'r,  
 Then let en look en out a wife  
 In Blackmwore by the Stour."

As I upon my road did pass  
 A school-house back in Maÿ,  
 There out upon the beäten grass  
 Wer maïdens at their play;  
 An' as the pretty souls did twile  
 An' smile, I cried, "The flow'r  
 O' beauty, then, is still in bud  
 In Blackmwore by the Stour."

## MY ORCHET IN LINDEN LEA.

'Ithin the woodlands, flow'ry gleäded,  
 By the woak tree's mossy moot,  
 The sheenèn grass-bleädes, timber-sheäded,  
 Now do quiver under voot;  
 An' birds do whistle auver head,  
 An' water 's' bubblèn in its bed,  
 An' there vor me the apple tree  
 Do leän down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves that leätely wer a-springèn  
 Now do feäde 'ithin the copse,  
 An' päinted birds do hush ther zingèn  
 Up upon the timber's tops;  
 An' brown-leav'd fruit 's a-turnèn red,  
 In cloudless zunsheen, auver head,  
 Wi' fruit vor me, the apple tree  
 Do leän down low in Linden Lea.

Let other vo'k meäke money vaster  
 In the äir o' dark-room'd towns,  
 I don't dread a peevish meäster;  
 Though noo man do heed my frowns,

I be free to goo abrode,  
 Or teäke ageän my hwomeward road  
 To where, vor me, the apple tree  
 Do leän down low in Linden Lea.



#### BISHOP'S CAENDLE.

At peace dae, who but we should goo  
 To Caendle vor an hour or two :  
 As gay a dae as ever broke  
 Above the heads o' Caendle vo'k,  
 Vor peace, a-come vor all, did come  
 To them wi' two new friends at hwome.  
 Zoo while we kept, wi' nimble peäce,  
 The wold dun tow'r avore our feäce,  
 The äir at laste begun to come  
 Wi' drubbèns ov a beäten drum ;  
 An' then we heärd the horns' loud droats  
 Play off a tuen's upper notes ;  
 An' a'ter that a risèn cheärm  
 Vrom tongues o' people in a zwarm :  
 An' zoo, at laste, we stood among  
 The merry feäces o' the drong.

An' there we vound, wi' garlands tied  
 In wreaths an' bows on every zide,  
 An' color'd flags, a-flutt'rèn high  
 An' bright avore the sheenèn sky,  
 The very d'rection-post a-drest  
 Wi' posies on his cårms an' breast.  
 At laste, the vo'k swarm'd in by scores  
 An' hundreds droo the gert barn doors,  
 To dine on English feäre in ranks  
 A-zot on chairs, or stools, or planks,  
 By teäbles reachèn row an' row,  
 Wi' cloths as white as driven snow.  
 An' while they took, wi' merry cheer,  
 Ther pleäces at the meat an' beer,  
 The band did blow an' beät aloud  
 Ther merry tuèns to the crowd;  
 An' slowly-zwingèn flags did spread  
 Ther hangèn colors auver head.  
 An' then the vo'k, wi' jaÿ an' pride,  
 Stood up in stillness, zide by zide,  
 Wi' downcast heads, the while ther friend  
 Rose up avore the teäble's end,  
 An' zaed a timely greäce, an' blest  
 The welcome meat to every guest.  
 An' then a-rose a mingled naïse  
 O' knives an' pleätes, an' cups an' traÿs,

An' tongues wi merry tongues a-drown'd  
 Below a deaf'nèn storm o' sound.  
 An' zoo, at laste, their worthy host  
 Stood up to gie 'em all a twoast,  
 That they did drink, wi' shouts o' glee,  
 An' whirlèn cärms to dree times dree.  
 An' when the bboards at laste wer beäre  
 Ov' all the cloths an' goodly feäre,  
 An' froth noo longer rose to zwim  
 'Ithin the beermug's sheenèn rim,  
 The vo'k, a-streamèn droo the door,  
 Went out to geämes they had in store.  
 An' on the blue-reäv'd waggon's bed,  
 Above his vower wheels o' red,  
 Musicians zot in rows, an play'd  
 Ther tuèns up to chap an' maïd,  
 That beät, wi' play'some tooes an' heels,  
 The level ground in nimble reels.  
 An' zome ageän, a-zet in line,  
 An' startèn at a given sign,  
 Wi' outreach'd breast, a-breathèn quick  
 Droo op'nèn lips, did nearly kick  
 Ther polls, a-runnèn sich a peäce,  
 Wi' streamèn heäir, to win the reäce.  
 An' in the house, an' on the green,  
 An' in the shrubb'ry's leafy screen,

On ev'ry zide we zeed sich lots  
 O' smilèn friends in happy knots,  
 That I do think, that droo the feäst  
 In Caendle, vor a dae at leäst,  
 You woudden vind a scowlèn feäce  
 Or dumpy heart in all the pleäce.



#### HAY MEAKEN—NUNCHEN TIME.

*Anne an' John a-ta'kèn o't.*

- A. Back here, but now, the jobber John  
 Come by, an' cried, "Well done, zing on,  
 I thought as I come down the hill,  
 An' heärd your zongs a-ringèn sh'ill,  
 Who woudden like to come, an' fling  
 A peäir o' prongs where you did zing."
- J. Aye, aye, he woudden vind it play,  
 To work all dae a-meäkèn hay,  
 Or pitchèn it, to cärms a-spread  
 By lwoaders, yards above his head,  
 'T'ud meäke en wipe his drippèn brow.
- A. Or only reäkèn a'ter plow.

- J. Or workèn wi' his nimble pick,  
A-stiffled wi' the hay at rick.
- A. Our company would suit en best,  
When we do teäke our bit o' rest,  
At nunch, a-gather'd here below  
The sheäde theäse wide-bough'd woak do drow,  
Where hissèn froth mid rise, an' float  
In horns o' eäle, to wet oone's droat.
- J. Aye, if his swellèn han' could drag  
A meat-slice vrom his dinner-bag.  
'T 'ud meäke the busy little chap  
Look rather glum, to zee his lap  
Wi' all his meal ov oone dry crowst,  
An' vinny cheese so dry as dowst.
- A. Well, I don't grumble at my food,  
'Tis wholesome, John, an' zoo 'tis good.
- J. Whose reäke is that a-lyèn there?  
Do look a bit the woose vor wear.
- A. Oh! I mus' get the man to meäke  
A tooth or two vor thik wold reäke,  
'Tis leäbor lost to strik a stroke  
Wi' he, wi' haef his teeth a-broke.
- J. I should ha' thought your han' too fine  
To break your reäke, if I broke mine.

- A. The ramsclaes thin'd his wooden gum  
 O' two teeth here, an' here were zome  
 That broke off when I reäk'd a patch  
 O' groun' wi' Jimmy vor a match :  
 An' here's a gap where oone or two  
 Wer broke by Simon's clumsy shoe,  
 An' when I gi'd his pole a poke,  
 Vor better luck, another broke.  
 In what a veag have you a-swung  
 Your pick, though, John ? His stem's a-sprung.
- J. When I an' Simon had a het  
 O' pookèn yonder vor a bet,  
 The prongs o'n gi'd a tump a poke,  
 An' then I vound the stem o'n broke,  
 But they do meäke the stems o' picks  
 O' stuff so brittle as a kicks.
- A. There's poor wold Jeäne, wi' wrinkled skin,  
 A tellèn, wi' her peaked chin,  
 Zome teäle ov her young daes, poor soul.  
 Do meäke the young-oones smile. 'Tis droll.  
 What is it ? Stop, an' let's goo near.  
 I do like theäse wold teäles. Let's hear.





## A FAETHER OUT, AN' MOTHER HWOME.

The snow-white clouds did float on high  
 In shoals avore the sheenèn sky,  
 An' runnèn weäves in pon' did cheäse  
 Each other on the water's feäce,  
 As hufflèn win' did blow between  
 The new-leav'd boughs o' sheenèn green.  
 An' there, the while I walk'd along  
 The paeth, droo leäze, above the drong,  
 A little maïd, wi' bloomèn feäce,  
 Went on up hill wi' nimble peäce,  
 A-leänèn to the right-han' zide,  
 To car a basket that did ride,  
 A-hangèn down, wi' all his heft,  
 Upon her elbow at her left.  
 An' eet she hardly seem'd to bruise  
 The grass-bleädes wi' her tiny shoes,  
 That pass'd each other, left an' right,  
 In steps a'most too quick vor zight.  
 But she 'd aleft her mother's door  
 A-bearèn vrom her little store  
 Her faether's welcome bit o' food,  
 Vor he wer out at work in wood ;

An' she wer' bless'd wi' mwore than zome—  
A faether out, an' mother hwome.

An' there, a-vell'd 'ithin the copse,  
Below the timber's new-leav'd tops,  
Wer ashen poles, a-castèn straïght,  
On primrrose beds, their langthy waïght;  
Below the yollor light, a-shed  
Droo boughs upon the vi'let's head,  
By climèn ivy, that did reach,  
A-sheenèn roun' the dead-leav'd beech.  
An' there her faether zot, an' meäde  
His whomely meal bezide a gleäde;  
While she, a-croopèn down to ground,  
Did pull the flowers, where she vound  
The droopèn vi'let out in blooth,  
Or yollor primrrose in the lewth,  
That she mid car 'em proudly back,  
An' zet 'em on her mother's tack;  
Vor she wer bless'd with mwore than zome—  
A faether out, an' mother hwome.  
A faether out, and mother hwome,  
Be blessèns eärly lost by zome;  
Alost by me, an' zoo I pray'd  
They mid be speär'd the little maïd.

## RIDDLES.

*Anne (1) an' Joey (2) a-la'ken.*

- (1) A plague! theäse cow wont stand a bit,  
 Noo sooner do she zee me zit  
 Ageän her, than she 's in a trot,  
 A-runnèn to another spot.
- (2) Why 'tis the dog do sceäre the cow,  
 He worried her a-vield benow.
- (1) Goo in, Ah! *Liplap*, where 's your tail!
- (2) He 's gone, then, up athirt the rail.  
 Well, thik there cow 's a come to han'  
 A goodish milcher. (1) If she 'd stan',  
 But then she 'll steäre an' sheäke wi' fright  
 To zee a dumbledore in flight.  
 She kick'd her päil laest week, an' spill'd  
 A-haef the milk, a-haef a-vill'd.
- (2) Ha! Ha! But Anny, here, what lout  
 Ha' broke your small päil's bottom out?
- (1) What lout indeed! What do ye own  
 The neäme? Who dropp'd en on a stwone?
- (2) Hee! Hee! Well now he 's out o' trim  
 Wi' n'ar a bottom to en;

Could you still vill en' to the brim  
 An' let noo milk run droo en !

- (1) Aye, as vor nonsense, Joe, your head  
 Do hold it all so tight 's a blather,  
 But if 'tis any good, do shed  
 It all so leäky as a lather.  
 Could you vill pails 'ithout a bottom,  
 Yourself that be so deeply skill'd ?

- (2) Well, ees, I could, if I'd a-got em  
 Inside o' bigger oones a-vill'd.

- (1) La ! that *is* zome'hat vor to hatch !  
 Here answer me theäse little catch.  
 There 's *horn* vor Goodman's eye-zight seäke ;  
 There 's *horn* vor Goodman's mouth to teäke ;  
 There 's *horn* vor Goodman's ears, as well  
 As *horn* vor Goodman's nose to smell—  
 What *horns* be they, then ? Do your hat  
 Hold wit enough to tell us that ?

- (2) Oh ! Horns an' horns ! no I woont try,  
 The cows ha' horns enough vor I.

- (1) *Horn* vor the *mouth* 's a hornen cup.

- (2) An' eäle 's good stuff to vill en up.

- (1) An' *horn* vor *eyes* is horn vor light,  
 Vrom Goodman's lantern a'ter night ;

*Horn* vor the *ears* is oone to sound  
 Vor hunters out wi' hoss an' hound;  
 But *horn* to *smell*, an' not to drink o't,  
 Is *hartshorn*! There now, what d'ye think o't?

- (2) How proud you be! if I could paint ye!

*Hartshorn* is *horn*! oh! I shall fainty!  
 Well here then, Anne, while we be at it,  
 'S a ball vor you if you can bat it.  
 Oone evenen two-lags zot wi' pride  
 On dree-lags, up at vow'r-lags' zide;  
 Then zix-lags gi'd vow'r-lags a prick,  
 An' vow'r-lags gi'd two-lags a kick,  
 An' two an' dree-lags vell, all vive,  
 Slap down, zome dead an' zome alive.

- (1) Teeh! heeh! what have ye now then, Joe,  
 At laest, to meäke a riddle o'?

- (2) Your dree-lagg'd stool oone night did bear

Up you a-milkèn wi' a pair;  
 An' there a zix-lagg'd stout did prick  
 Your vow'r-lagg'd cow, an' meäke her kick,  
 A-hettèn, wi' a pretty pat,  
 Your stool an' you so flat 's a mat.  
 You scrambled up a little dirty,  
 But I do hope it didden hurt ye.

- (1) You hope, indeed ! a likely ceäse,  
 Wi' thik broad grin athirt your feäce.  
 You sa'cy good-vor-nothèn chap,  
 I'll gi'e your grinnèn feäce a slap,  
 Your drawlèn tongue can only run  
 To turn a body into fun.
- (2) Oh ! I woont do it ageän. Oh ! dear !  
 Till next time, Anny. Oh ! my ear !  
 Oh ! Anne, why you've a-het my hat  
 'Ithin the milk, now look at that.
- (1) Do sar ye right, then, I don't ceäre,  
 I'll thump your noddle,—there—there—there.



### DAY'S WORK A-DONE.

And oh ! the jaÿ our rest did yield,  
 At evenèn by the mossy wall,  
 When we 'd a-work'd all day a-vield,  
 While zummer zuns did rise an' vall,  
 As there a-lettèn  
 Goo all frettèn,  
 An' vorgettèn all our twiles,  
 We zot among our childern's smiles.

An' under skies that glitter'd white,  
 The while our smoke, arisen blue,  
 Did melt in aiër, out o' zight,  
 Above the trees that kept us lew ;  
 Wer birds a-zingèn,  
 Tongues a-ringèn,  
 Childern springèn, vull o' jaÿ,  
 A-finishèn the day in play.

An' back behine, a-stannèn tall,  
 The cliff did feäce the western light ;  
 Avore us wer the water-fall,  
 A-rottlèn loud, an' foamèn' white.  
 An' leaves did quiver,  
 Gnots did whiver,  
 By the river, where the pool,  
 In evenèn aiër did glissen cool.

An' there the childern, runnèn wide,  
 Did play their geämes along the grove,  
 Vor though 'twèr ouer jaÿ to bide  
 A-zot at rest, 'twèr theirs to move.  
 The while my smilèn  
 Jeäne, beguillèn,  
 All my twilèn, wi' her ceäre,  
 Did call me to my evenèn feäre.

## THE WAGGON A-STOODÈD.

*Dree o'm a-ta'kèn o't.*

- (1) Well, here we be, then, wi' the vu'st poor lwoad  
O' vuzz we brought, a-stoodèd in the road.
- (2) The road, George, no. There's na'r a road. That's  
wrong.  
If we'd a road, we mid ha' got along.
- (1) Noo road! Ees 'tis, the road that we do goo.
- (2) Do goo, George, no. The pleäce we can't get droo.
- (1) Well, there, the vu'st lwoad we've a-hal'd to dae  
Is here a-stoodèd in theäse bed o' clae.  
Here's rotten groun'! an' how the wheels do cut!  
The little oone's a-zunk up to the nut.
- (3) An' eet this rotten groun' don't reach a lug.
- (1) Well, come, then, gi'e the plow another tug.
- (2) They meäres wull never pull the waggon out,  
A-lwoaded, an' a-stoodèd in thik rout.
- (3) We'll try. Come, *Smiler*, come! C' up, *White-*  
*voot*, gee!
- (2) White-voot wi' lags all awver mud! Hee! Hee!



- (3) 'Twoodn't wag. We shall but snap our gear,  
An' awverstrain the meāres. 'Twoodn't wag, 'tis clear.
- (1) That's your work, William. No, in coo'se, 'twoodn't  
wag.  
Why did ye draeve en into theāse here quag?  
The vore wheels be a-zunk above the nuts.
- (3) What then. I cooden leāve the beāten track,  
To turn the waggon awver on the back  
Ov oone o' theāsem emmet-butts.  
If you be sich a drever, an' do know 't,  
You dreve the plow, then; but you 'll awverdrow 't.
- (1) I dreve the plow, indeed! Oh! ees, what, now  
The wheels woont wag, then, I mid dreve the plow!  
We'd better dig away the groun' below  
The wheels. (2) There's na'r a speāde to dig wi'.
- (1) An' teāke an' cut a lock o' frith, an' drow  
Upon the clae. (2) Nor hook to cut a twig wi'.
- (1) Oh! here's a bwoy a-comèn. Here, my lad,  
Dost know vor a'r a speāde, that can be had?
- (B) At faether's. (1) Well, where's that? (Bwoy) At  
Sam'el Riddick's.
- (1) Well run, an' ax vor oone. Fling up your heels,  
An' mind: a speāde to dig out theāsem wheels,  
An' hook to cut a little lock o' widdicks.

- (3) Why, we shall want zix hosses, or a dozen,  
To pull the waggon out, wi' all theäse vuzzen.
- (1) Well, we mus' lighten en; come, Jeämes, then, hop  
Upon the lwoad, an' jus' fling off the top.
- (2) If I can clim' en; but 'tis my consaït,  
That I shall awverzet en' wi' my waïght.
- (1) You awverzet en! No, Jeämes, he won't vall,  
The lwoad's a-built so firm's a wall.
- (2) Here, gie's a vootèn. There, Oh! George, 'tween't  
stand,  
Your firm's a wall, is all so loose as zand;  
'Tis comèn all to pieces. Oh! Teäke ceäre!  
Ho! I'm a-vallèn, vuzz an' all! Haë! There!
- (1) Lo'k there, thik fellor is a-vell lik lead,  
An' haef the fuzzen wi'n, heels awver head!  
There's all the vuzz a-lyèn lik' a staddle,  
An' he a-deäb'd wi' mud. Oh! Here's a caddle!
- (3) An' zoo you soon got down some vuzzen, Jimmy.
- (2) O ees, I know 'tis down, I brought it wi' me.
- (3) Your lwoad, George, wer a rather slick-built thing,  
But there, twer prickly vor the han's! Did sting!

- (1) Oh! ees, d'ye think I be a nincompoop,  
 No, no. The lwoad wer built so firm 's a rock,  
 But two o' theäsem emmet-butts would knock  
 The tightest barrel out o' hoop.
- (2) Oh! now then, here 's the bwoy a-bringèn back  
 The speäde. Well done, my man. That idden slack.
- (2) Well done, my lad, sha't have a hoss to ride,  
 When thee'st a meäre. (Bwoy) Next never-tide.
- (3) Now let 's dig out a spit or two  
 O' clae a-vore the little wheels;  
 Oh! so's, I can't pull up my heels,  
 I be a-stogg'd up awver shoe.
- (1) Oh, William, come! Why do you spuddle  
 So weak 's a chile? How you do muddle!  
 Gi'e I the speäde. A pig would poke it out  
 A good deal vaster wi' his snout.
- (3) Oh! so's, d'ye hear it, then. How we can  
 thunder!  
 How big we be, then George! what next I wonder?
- (1) Now, William, gi'e the waggon oone mwore twitch,  
 The wheels be free, an' 'tis a lighter nitch.
- (3) Come, *Smiler*, gee! C'up, *Whitevoot*. (1) That  
 will do.

(2) Do wag. (1) Do goo at laest. (3) Well done.  
'Tis droo.

(1) Now, William, till you have mwore hosses' lags,  
Don't dreve the waggon into theäsem quags.

(3) You build your lwoads up tight enough to ride.

(1) I can't do less, d'ye know, wi' you vor guide.



# GWAIN DOWN THE STEPS VOR WATER.

While zuns do roll vrom east to west  
To bring us work, or leàve us rest,  
There down below the steep hill-zide,  
Droo time an' tide, the spring do flow ;  
An' mothers there, vor years agone,  
Lik' daeters now a-comèn on,  
To bloom when they be weak an' wan,  
Went down the steps vor water.

An' what do yonder ringers tell  
A-ringèn changès, bell by bell ;  
Or what 's a-show'd by yonder zight  
O' vo'k in white, upon the road,

But that by John o' Woodleys zide,  
 There's now a-blushèn vor his bride,  
 A pretty maïd that vu'st he spied,  
 Gwaïn down the steps vor water.

Though she, 'tis true, is feäir an' kind,  
 There still be mwore a-left behind ;  
 So cleän's the light the zun do gi'e,  
 So sprack's a bee when zummer's bright ;  
 An' if I've luck, I woont be slow  
 To teäke off oone that I do know,  
 A-trrippèn gaily to an' fro,  
 Upon the steps vor water.

Her faether idden poor—but vew  
 In parish be so well to do ;  
 Vor his own cows do swing their tails  
 Behind his pails, below his boughs :  
 An' then ageän to win my love,  
 Why, she's as hwomely as a dove,  
 An' don't hold up herself above  
 Gwaïn down the steps vor water.

Gwaïn down the steps vor water ! No !  
 How handsome it do meäke her grow.  
 If she'd be straight, or walk abroad,  
 To tread her road wi' comely gait,

She coudden do a better thing  
 To zet herself upright, than bring  
 Her pitcher on her head, vrom spring  
 Upon the steps, wi' water.

No! don't ye neäme in oone scäme breath  
 Wi' bachelors the husband's he'th;  
 The happy pleäce, where vingers thin  
 Do pull oone's chin, or pat oone's feäce.  
 But still the bleäme is their's, to slight  
 Their happiness, wi' such a zight  
 O' maidens, mornèn, noon, an' night,  
 A-gwaïn down steps vor water.



#### ELLEN BRINE OF ALLENBURN

Noo soul did hear her lips complain,  
 An' she 's a-gone vrom all her pain,  
 An' others' loss to her is gaïn,  
 For she do live in heaven's love;  
 Vull many a longsome day an' week  
 She bore her aïlèn, still, an' meek;

A-workèn while her strangth held on,  
 An' guidèn housework, when 'twèr gone.  
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,  
 Oh! there be souls to murn.

The laste time I 'd a-cast my zight  
 Upon her feäce, a-feäded white,  
 Wer in a zummer's mornèn light  
 In hall avore the smwold'rèn vire,  
 The while the childern beät the vloor,  
 In play wi' tiny shoes they wore,  
 An' call'd their mother's eyes to view  
 The feäts their little lim's could do.  
 Oh! Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,  
 They childern now mus' murn.

Then oone, a-stoppèn vrom his reäce,  
 Went up, an' on her knee did pleäce  
 His han', a-lookèn in her feäce,  
 An' wi' a smilèn mouth so small,  
 He zaid, "You promised us to goo  
 To Shroton feäir, an' teäke we two!"  
 She heärd it wi' her two white ears,  
 An' in her eyes there sprung two tears,  
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn  
 Did veel that they mus' murn.

September come, wi' Shroton feäir,  
 But Ellen Brine wer' never there !  
 A heavy heart wer' on the meäre  
 Their faether rod his hwomeward road.  
 'Tis true he brought zome feäirèns back,  
 Vor they two childern all in black ;  
 But they had now, wi' playthings new,  
 Noo mother vor to shew em to,  
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn  
 Would never mwore return.

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#### THE MOTHERLESS CHILD.

The zun wer zet back t'other night,  
 But in the zettèn pleäce  
 The clouds, a-redden'd by his light,  
 Still glow'd avore my feäce.  
 An' I've a-lost my Meäry's smile,  
 I thought ; but still I have her chile,  
 Zoo lik' her, that my eyes can treäce  
 The mother's in her daeter's feäce.  
 O little feäce so near to me,  
 An' lik' thy mother's gone ; why need I zae,  
 Sweet night cloud, wi' the glow o' my lost dae,  
 Thy looks be always dear to me.



The zun wer zet another night ;

But, by the moon on high,

He still did zend us back his light

Below a cwolder sky.

My Meäry's in a better land

I thought, but still her chile's at hand,

An' in her chile she'll zend me on

Her love, though she herself's a-gone.

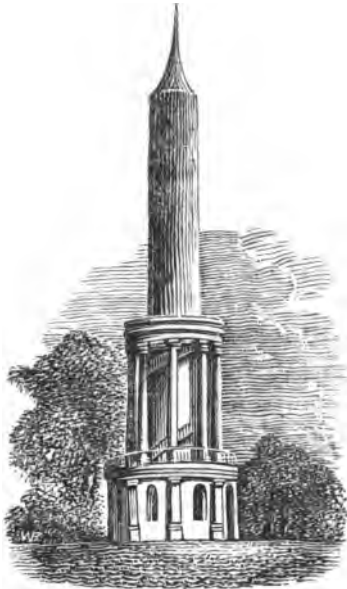
O little chile so near to me,

An' lik' thy mother gone ; why need I zae,

Sweet moon, the messenger vrom my lost dae,

Thy looks be always dear to me.





### THE LEADY'S TOWER.

An' then we went along the gleädes  
 O' zunny turf, in quiv'rèn sheädes,  
 A-windèn off, vrom hand to hand,  
 Along a paeth o' yollor zand,  
 An' clomb a stickle slope, an' vound  
 An open patch o' lofty ground,

Up where a steätely tow'r did spring,  
So high as highest larks do zing.

"Oh! Meäster Collins," then I zaed,  
A-lookèn up wi' back-flung head;  
Vor who but he, so mild o' feäce,  
Should teäke me there to zee the pleäce.  
"What is it then theäse tower do meän,  
A-built so feäir, an' kept so cleän?"  
"Ah! me," 'e zaed, wi' thoughtvul feäce,  
"'Twer grief that zet theäse tower in pleäce.  
The squier's e'thly life's a-blest  
Wi' gifts that mwost do teäke vor best;  
The lofty-pinion'd rufs do rise  
To screen his head vrom stormy skies;  
His land's a-spreadèn roun' his hall,  
An' hands do leäbor at his call;  
The while the hoss do fling, wi' pride,  
His lofty head where he do guide;  
But still his e'thly jay's a-vled,  
His oone true friend, his wife, is dead.  
Zoo now her happy soul's a-gone,  
An' he in grief's a-ling'rèn on,  
Do do his heart zome good to show,  
His love to flesh an' blood below.  
An' zoo he rear'd, wi' smitten soul,

Theäse Leädy's Tower upon the knowl.  
 An' there you 'll zee the tow'r do spring  
 Twice ten veet up, as roun 's a ring,  
 Wi' pillars beärèn mwolded eäves,  
 Above their heads o' carv'd wi' leaves;  
 An' have to peäce, a-walkèn round  
 His voot, a hunderd veet o' ground.  
 An' there, above his upper wall,  
 A roundèd tower do spring so tall  
 'S a springèn arrow shot upright,  
 A hunderd giddy veet in height.  
 An' if you 'd like to sträin your knees  
 A-climèn up above the trees,  
 To zee, wi' slowly-wheelèn feäce,  
 The vursky'd land about the pleäce,  
 You 'll have a flight o' steps to wear  
 Vor forty veet, steäir a'ter steäir,  
 That roun' the risèn tow'r do wind,  
 Lik' withwind roun' the saplèn's rind,  
 An' reach a landèn, wi' a seat,  
 To rest at laest your weary veet,  
 'Ithin a breast be-screenèn wall,  
 To keep ye vrom a longsoms väll.  
 An' roun the windèn steäirs do spring,  
 Aight stwonèn pillars in a ring,  
 A-reachèn up their heavy strangth,  
 Droo forty veet o' slender langth,

To end wi' carvèd heads below  
 The brode-vloor'd landèn's airy bow.  
 Aìght zides, as you do zee, do bound  
 The lower buildèn on the ground,  
 An' there in oone, a two-leav'd door  
 Do zwing above the marble vloor :  
 An' aye, as luck do zoo betide  
 Our comèn, wi' can goo inside.  
 The door is open now, an' zoo  
 The keeper kindly let us droo.  
 There as we softly trod the vloor  
 O' marble stwone, 'ithin the door,  
 The echoes ov our vootsteps vled  
 Out roun' the wall, and auver head ;  
 And there a-paintèd, zide by zide,  
 In memory o' the squier's bride,  
 In zeven paintèns, true to life,  
 Wer zeven zights o' wedded life."

Then Meäster Collins twold me all  
 The teäles a-paintèd roun' the wall ;  
 An' vu'st the bride did stan' to plight  
 Her weddèn vow, below the light  
 A-shootèn down, so bright 's a fleäme,  
 In droo a churches windor freäme.  
 An' near the bride, on either hand,  
 You 'd zee her comely bridemaìds stand,

Wi' eyelashes a-bent in streäks  
 O' brown above their bloomèn cheäks;  
 An' sheenèn feäir, in mellor light,  
 Wi' flowèn heäir, an' frocks o' white.

"An' here," good Meäster Collins cried,  
 "You'll zee a creädle at her zide,  
 An' there 's her chile, a-lyèn deep  
 'Ithin it, an' a-gone to sleep,  
 Wi' little eyelashes a-met  
 In fellor streäks, as black as jet;  
 The while her needle, auver head,  
 Do nimby leäd the snow-white dred,  
 To zew a robe her love do meäke  
 Wi' happy leäbor vor his scäke.

"An' here a-geän's another pleäce,  
 Where she do zit wi' smilèn feäce,  
 An' while her bwoy do leän, wi' pride,  
 Ageän her lap, below her zide,  
 Her vinger tip do leäd his look  
 To zome good words o' God's own book.

"An' next you'll zee her in her pleäce,  
 Avore her happy husband's feäce,  
 As he do zit, at evenèn-tide,  
 A-restèn by the vier-zide.

An' there the children's heads do rise,  
 Wi' laefèn lips, an' beamèn eyes,  
 Above the bwoard, where she do lae  
 Her sheenèn tacklèn, wi' the tea.

"An' here another zide do show  
 Her vingers in her scizzars' bow,  
 Avore two daeters, that do stand,  
 Wi' leärnsome minds, to watch her hand  
 A-sheäpèn out, with skill an' ceäre,  
 A frock vor them to zew an' wear.

"Then next you 'll see her bend her head  
 Above her aیلèn husband's bed,  
 A-fannèn, wi' an inward pray'r,  
 His burnèn brow wi' beäten aİR;  
 The while the clock, by candle light,  
 Do show that 'tis the dead o' night.

"An' here ageän upon the wall,  
 Where we do zee her laest ov all,  
 Her husband's head 's a-hangèn low,  
 'Ithin his hands in deepest woe.  
 An' she, an' anngel ov his God,  
 Do cheer his soul below the rod,  
 A-liftèn up her han' to call  
 His eyes to writèn on the wall,

As white as is her spotless robe,  
 'Hast thou remembered my servant Job?'

"An' zoo the squier, in grief o' soul,  
 Built up the Tower upon the knowl."

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#### FAETHERHOOD.

Let en zit, wi' his dog an' his cat,  
 Wi' ther noses a-turn'd to the vire,  
 An' have all that a man should desire;  
 But ther idden much reädship in that.  
 Whether vo'k mid have childern or no,  
 Wou'dden meäke mighty odds in the maïn;  
 They do bring us mwore jaÿ wi' mwore ho,  
 An' wi' mwore we've less jaÿ wi' less pain.  
 We be all lik' a zull's idle sheäre out,  
 An' shall rust out, unless we do wear out,  
 Lik' do-nothèn, rue-nothèn,  
 Dead alive dumps.

As vor me, why my life idden bound  
 To my own heart alwone, among men;  
 I do live in myzelf, and ageän  
 In the lives o' my childern all round:



I do live wi' my bwoy in his play,  
 An' ageän wi' my maïd in her zongs;  
 An' my heart is a-stirr'd wi' ther jaÿ,  
 An' would burn at the zight o' ther wrongs.  
 I ha' nine lives, an' zoo if a haef  
 O'm do cry, why the rest o'm mid laef  
 All so pläyvully, jäyvully,  
 Happy wi' hope.

T'other night I come hwome a long road,  
 When the weather did sting an' did vreeze;  
 An' the snow—vor the dae had a-snow'd—  
 Wer avroze on the boughs o' the trees;  
 An' my tooes an' my fingers wer num',  
 An' my veet wer as lumpy as logs,  
 An' my ears wer so red's a cock's cwom';  
 An' my nose wer so cwold as a dog's;  
 But as soon's I got hwome I vorgot  
 Where my limbs wer a-cwold or wer hot,  
 When wi' loud cries an' proud cries  
 They coll'd me so cwold.

Vor the vu'st that I happen'd to meet  
 Come to pull my gertcwoat vrom my cärm,  
 An' another did rub my feäce warm,  
 An' another hot-slipper'd my veet;

While ther mother did cast on a stick,  
 Vor to keep the red vier alive,  
 An' they all come so busy an' thick  
 As the bees vlee-èn into ther hive,  
 An' they meäde me so happy an' proud,  
 That my heart could ha' crow'd out a-loud ;  
 They did twile zoo, an' zmile zoo,  
 An' coll'd me so cwold.

As I zot wi' my teacup, at rest,  
 Ther I pull'd out the taÿs I did bring ;  
 Men a-kickèn, a-wagg'd wi' a string,  
 An' goggle-ey'd dolls to be drest ;  
 An' oh ! vrom the childern there sprung  
 Such a charm when they handled ther taÿs,  
 That vor pleasure the bigger oones wrung  
 Ther two hands at the zight o' ther jaÿs ;  
 As the bwoys' bigger vaïces vell in  
 Wi' the maïdens a-titterèn thin,  
 An' ther dancèn an' prancèn,  
 An' little mouth'd laefs.

Though 'tis hard stripes to breed 'em all up,  
 If I 'm only a-blest from above,  
 They'll make me amends wi' ther love,  
 Vor ther pillor, ther pleäte, an' ther cup ;

Though I shall be never a-spwil'd  
 Wi' the sarvice that money can buy ;  
 Still the hands ov a wife an' a child  
 Be the blessens ov low or ov high ;  
 An' if ther be mouths to be fed,  
 He that zent 'em can zend me ther bread,  
 An' will smile on the chile  
 That 's a-new on the knee.



#### THE MAID O' NEWTON.

In zummer, when the knaps wer bright  
 In cool-aïr'd evenèn's western light,  
 An' haÿ that had a-dried all dae,  
 Wer lyèn grey, to dewy night ;  
 I went, by happy chance, or doom,  
 Vrom Broadwoak Hill, athirt to Coomb,  
 An' met a maïd in all her bloom :  
 The feairest maïd o' Newton.

She bore a basket that did ride  
 So light, she didden leän azide ;  
 Her feâce wer oval, an' she smil'd,  
 So sweet 's a child, but walk'd wi' pride.

I spoke to her, but what I zaed  
 I didden know ; my thoughts wer vled,  
 I spoke by heart, an' not by head,  
     Avore the maïd o' Newton.

I call'd her, oh ! I don't know who,  
 Tw'er by a neäme she never knew ; .  
 An' to the heel she stood upon,  
 She then brought on her hinder shoe,  
 An' stopp'd avore me, where we met,  
 An' wi' a smile oone can't vorget,  
 She zaed, wi' eyes a-zwimmèn wet,  
     " No, I be oone o' Newton."

Then on I rambled to the west,  
 Below the zunny hangèns' breast,  
 Where, down athirt the little stream,  
 The brudge's beam did lie at rest :  
 But all the birds, wi' lively glee,  
 Did chirp and hop vrom tree to tree,  
 As if it wer vrom pride, to zee  
     Goo by the maïd o' Newton.

By fancy led, at evenèn's glow,  
 I oonce did goo a-rovèn slow,  
 Down where the elèms, stem by stem,  
 Do stan' to hem the grove below ;

But a'ter that, my veet vorzook  
 The grove, to seek the little brook  
 At Cooms, where I mid zometimes look,  
 To meet the maïd o' Newton.



### CHILDHOOD.

Aye, at that time our days wer but vew,  
 An' our lim's wer but small, and a-growèn;  
 An' then the feäir worold wer new,  
 An' life wer all hopevul an' gay;  
 An' the times o' the sproutèn o' leaves,  
 An' the cheäk-burnèn seasons o' mowèn,  
 An' bindèn o' red-headed sheaves,  
 Wer all welcome seasons o' jaÿ.

Then the housen seem'd high that be low,  
 An' the brook did seem wide that is narrow,  
 An' time that do vlee did goo slow,  
 An' veelèns now feeble wer strong,  
 An' our worold did end wi' the neämes  
 Ov the Sha'sbury Hill or Bulbarrow;  
 An' life did seem only the geämes  
 That we play'd as the days roll'd along.

Then the rivers an' high-timber'd lands,  
 An' the zilvery hills, 'ithout buyèn,  
 Seem'd all comèn into our hands  
 Vrom others that own'd em avore ;  
 An' all zickness, an' sorra, an' need,  
 Seem'd to die wi' the wold vo'k a-dyèn,  
 An' leäve us vor ever a-freed  
 Vrom evils our forefaethers bore.

But happy be childern the while  
 They have elders a-livèn to love em,  
 An' teäke all the wearisome twile  
 That zome hands or other mus' do ;  
 Lik' the low-headed shrubs that be warm,  
 In the lewth o' the trees up above 'em,  
 A-screen'd vrom the cwold blowèn storm  
 That the timber avore 'em mus' rue.



### MEARY'S SMILE.

When mornèn winds, a-blowèn high,  
 Do zweep the clouds vrom all the sky,

An' laurel-leaves do glitter bright,  
 The while the newly broken light  
 Do brighten up, avore our view,  
 The yields wi' green, an' hills wi' blue;  
 What then can highten to my eyes  
 The cheerful feäce ov e'th an' skies,  
     But Meäry's smile, o' Morey's Mill,  
     My rwose o' Mowy Lea.

An' when, at laest, the evenèn dewes  
 Do now begin to wet our shoes;  
 An' night's a-ridèn to the west,  
 To stop our work, an' gi'e us rest,  
 Oh! let the candle's ruddy gleäre  
 But brighten up her sheenèn heäir;  
 Or else, as she do wa'k abroad,  
 Let moonlight show, upon the road,  
     My Meäry's smile, o' Morey's Mill,  
     My rwose o' Mowy Lea.

An' O! mid never tears come on,  
 To wash her feäce's blushes wan,  
 Nor kill her smiles that now do play  
 Lik' sparklèn weäves in zunny May;  
 But mid she still, vor all she's gone  
 Vrom souls she now do smile upon,

Show others they can vind oone jaÿ  
 To turn the hardest work to play.  
     My Meäry's smile, o' Morey's Mill,  
     My rwose o' Mowÿ Lea.

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MEARY WEDDED.

The zun can zink, the stars mid rise,  
 An' woods be green to sheenèn skies ;  
 The cock mid crow to mornèn light,  
 An' workvo'k zing to vallèn night ;  
 The birds mid whissle on the spray,  
 An' childern leäp in merry play,  
 But our's is now a lifeless pleäce,  
 Vor we've a-lost a smilèn feäce—  
     Young Meäry Meäd o' merry mood,  
     Vor she 's a-woo'd an' wedded.

The dog that oonce wer glad to bear  
 Her fondlèn vingers down his heäir,  
 Do leän his head ageän the vloor,  
 To watch, wi' heavy eyes, the door ;  
 An' men she zent so happy hwome  
 O' Zadderdaes, do seem to come



To door, wi' downcast hearts, to miss  
 Wi' smiles below the clematis,  
     Young Meäry Meäd o' merry mood,  
 Vor she 's a-woo'd an' wedded.

When they do drae the evenèn blind,  
 An' when the evenèn light 's a-tin'd,  
 The cheerless vire do drow a gleäre  
 O' light ageän her empty chair;  
 An' wordless gaps do now meäke thin  
 Their talk where oonce her vaice come in.  
 Zoo lwonesome is her empty pleäce,  
 An' blest the house that ha' the feäce  
     O' Meäry Meäd o' merry mood,  
 Now she 's a-woo'd an' wedded.

The day she left her faether's he'th,  
 Though sad, wer kept a day o' me'th,  
 An' dry-wheel'd waggons' empty beds  
 Wer left 'ithin the tree-screen'd sheds;  
 An' all the hosses, at their cäse,  
 Went snortèn up the flow'ry leäse,  
 But oone, the smartest for the roäd,  
 That pull'd away the dearest lwoad—  
     Young Meäry Meäd o' merry mood,  
 That wer a-woo'd an' wedded.

## THE STWONEN BWOY UPON THE PILLAR.

Wi' smokeless tuns and empty halls,  
 An' moss a-clingèn to the walls,  
 In ev'ry wind the lofty tow'rs  
 Do teäke the zun, an' bear the show'rs ;  
 An' there, 'ithin a geät a-hung,  
 But vassen'd up, an' never swung,  
 Upon the pillar, all alwone,  
 Do stan' the little bwoy o' stwone ;  
 The seäme's a poppy, ling'rèn on  
 Vorseäken, when the wheat's a-gone.  
 An' there, then, wi' his bow let slack,  
 An' little quiver at his back,  
 Droo het an' wet, the little chile  
 Vrom day to day do stan' an' smile.  
 When vu'st the light, a-risèn weak,  
 At break o' dae, do smite his cheäk,  
 Or while at noon the leafy bough  
 Do cast a sheäde a-thirt his brow,  
 Or when at night the warm-breath'd cows  
 Do sleep by moon-belighted boughs ;  
 An' there the while the rooks do bring  
 Their scroff to build their nest in spring,

Or zwallows in the zummer dae  
 Do cling their little huts o' clay,  
 'Ithin the raïnles sheädes, below  
 The steadvast arches' mossy bow.  
 Or when, in Fall, the woak do shed  
 The leaves a-wither'd vrom his head,  
 An' western win's, a-blowèn cool,  
 Do dreve 'em out athirt the pool,  
 Or Winter's clouds do gather dark,  
 An' wet wi' raïn the elem's bark,  
 You 'll zee his perty smile betwixt  
 His little sheäde-mark'd lips a-fix'd ;  
 As there his little sheäpe do bide  
 Droo dae an' night, an' time an' tide,  
 An' never change his size or dress,  
 Nor awvergrow his prettiness.  
 But, oh ! thik child, that we do vind  
 In childhood still, do call to mind  
 A little bwoy a-call'd by death,  
 Long years agoo, vrom our sad he'th ;  
 An' I, in thought, can zee en dim  
 The seäme in feäce, the seäme in lim'.  
 My heäir mid whiten as the snow,  
 My limbs grow weak, my step wear slow,  
 My droopèn head mid slowly vall  
 Above the han'-staff's glossy ball,

An' eet, vor all a wid'nèn span  
 Ov years, mid change a livèn man,  
 My little chile do still appear  
 To me wi' all his childhood's gear,  
 'Ithout a beard upon his chin,  
 'Ithout a wrinkle in his skin,  
 A-livèn on, a chile the seäme  
 In look, an' sheäpe, an' size, an' neäme.



#### THE YOUNG THAT DIED IN BEAUTY.

If souls should only sheen so bright  
 In heaven as in e'thly light,  
 An' nothèn better wer the ceäse,  
 How comely still, in sheäpe an' feäce,  
 Would many reach thik happy pleäce,—  
 The hopeful souls that in their prime  
 Ha' seem'd a-took avore their time—  
 The young that died in beauty.

But when oone's lim's ha' lost their strangth  
 A-twilèn droo a lifetime's langth,  
 And auver cheäks a-growèn wold  
 The slowly-weästen years ha' rolled

The deep'nèn wrinkle's hollor vwold ;  
 When life is ripe, then death do call  
 Vor less ov thought, than when do vall  
 On young vo'ks in their beauty.

But pinèn souls, wi' heads a-hung  
 In heavy sorra vor the young,  
 The sister or the brother dead,  
 The faether wi' a child a-vled,  
 The husband when his bride ha' laid  
 Her head at rest, noo mwore to turn,  
 Have all a-vound the time to murn  
 Vor youth that died in beauty.

An' eet the church, where prayer do rise  
 Vrom thoughtvul souls, wi' downcast eyes,  
 An' village greens, a-beät haef beäre  
 By daencers that do meet, an' weär  
 Such merry looks at feäst an' feäir,  
 Do gather under leätest skies,  
 Their bloomèn cheäks an' sparklèn eyes,  
 Though young ha' died in beauty.

But still the dead shall mwore than keep  
 The beauty ov their eärly sleep ;  
 Where comely looks shall never weär  
 Uncomely, under twile an' ceäre.

The feäir at death be always feäir,  
 Still feäir to livers' thought an' love,  
 An' feäirer still to God above,  
 Than when they died in beauty.



#### FAIR EMILY OV YARROW MILL.

Dear Yarrowham, 'twere many miles  
 Vrom thy green meäds that, in my walk,  
 I met a maïd wi' winnèn smiles,  
 That talk'd as vo'k at hwome do talk ;  
 An' who at laest should she be vound,  
 Of all the souls the sky do bound,  
 But oone that trod at vu'st thy ground,  
     Fair Emily of Yarrow Mill.

But thy wold house an' elmy nook,  
 An' wall-screen'd geärden's mossy zides,  
 Thy grassy meäds an' zedgy brook,  
 An' high-bank'd leänes, wi' sheädy rides,  
 Wer all a-know'd to me by light  
 Ov eärly days, a-quench'd by night,  
 Avore they met the younger zight  
     Ov Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

An' now my heart do leāp to think  
 O' times that I've a-spent in play,  
 Bezide thy river's rushy brink,  
 Upon a deāizy bed o' Maÿ;  
 I lov'd the friends thy land ha' bore,  
 An' I do love the paeths they wore,  
 An' I do love thee all the mwore,  
 Vor Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

When bright above the e'th below  
 The moon do spread abrode his light,  
 An' āir o' zummer nights do blow  
 Athirt the yields in plāysome flight,  
 'Tis then delightsome under all  
 The sheādes o' boughs by paeth or wall,  
 But mwostly thine when they do vall  
 On Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

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#### THE SCUD.

Aye, aye, the leāne wi' flow'ry zides  
 A-kept so lew, by hazzle-wrides,  
 Wi' beds o' greygles out in bloom,  
 Below the timber's windless gloom,

And geäte that I 've a-swung,  
 An' rod when he wer hung,  
 An' I wer young, in Woakley Coomb.

'Twer there at feäst we all did pass  
 The evenèn on the leänezide grass,  
 Out where the geäte do let us droo,  
 Below the woak-trees in the lew,  
 In merry geämes an' fun  
 That meäde us skip an' run,  
 Wi' burnèn zun, an' sky o' blue.

But still there come a scud that drove  
 The titt'rèn maidens vrom the grove ;  
 An' there wer left the flow'ry mound,  
 'Ithout a vaïce, 'ithout a sound,  
 Unless the aïr did blow,  
 Droo ruslèn leaves, an' drow,  
 The rāin draps low, upon the ground.

I linger'd there an' miss'd the naïse ;  
 I linger'd there an' miss'd our jaÿs ;  
 I miss'd oone soul beyond the rest ;  
 The maïd that I do like the best.  
 Vor where her vaïce is gay,  
 An' where her smiles do play,  
 There 's always jaÿ vor ev'ry breast.



Vor zome vo'k out abroad ha' me'th,  
 But nwone at hwome beside the he'th ;  
 An' zome ha' smiles vor strangers' view,  
 An' frowns vor kith an' kin to rue ;  
 But her sweet vaice do vall,  
 Wi' kindly words to all,  
 Both gert an' small, the whole dae droo.

An' when the evenèn sky wer peäle,  
 We heärd the warblèn nightèngeäle,  
 A-drawèn out his lwonesome zong,  
 In windèn music down the drong ;  
 An' Jenny vrom her he'th,  
 Come out, though not in me'th,  
 But held her breath, to hear his zong.

Then, while the bird wi' zingen bill  
 Did warble on, her vaice wer still ;  
 An' as she stood avore me, bound  
 In stillness to the flow'ry mound,  
 "The bird's a jay to zome,  
 I thought, but when he's dum,  
 Her vaice will come, wi' sweeter sound."



## MINDEN HOUSE.

'Twer when the vo'k wer out to hawl  
 A vield o' haÿ a dae in June,  
 An' when the zun begun to vall  
 Toward the west in a'ternoon,  
 That only oone wer left behind  
 To bide indoors, at hwome, an' mind  
 The house, and answer vo'k avore  
 The geäte or door,—young Fanny Deäne.

The aïr 'ithin the geärden wall  
 Wer deadly still, unless the bee  
 Did hummy by, or in the hall  
 The clock did ring a-hettèn dree,  
 An' there, wi' busy hands, inside  
 The iron ceäsement, open'd wide,  
 Did zit an' pull wi' nimble twitch  
 Her tiny stitch, young Fanny Deäne.

As there she zot she heärd two blows  
 A-knock'd upon the rumblèn door,  
 An' laid azide her work, an' rose,  
 An' walk'd out feäir, athirt the vloor;

An' there, a-holdèn in his hand  
 His bridled meäre, a youth did stand,  
 An' mildly twold his neäme an' pleäce  
 Avore the feäce o' Fanny Deäne.

He twold her that he had on hand  
 Zome business on his faether's zide,  
 But what she didden understand ;  
 An' zoo she ax'd en if he 'd ride  
 Out where her faether mid be vound,  
 Bezide the plow, in Cowslip Ground ;  
 An' there 'e went, but left his mind  
 Back there behind, wi' Fanny Deäne.

An' oh ! his hwomeward road wer gaÿ  
 In aïr a-blowèn whiff by whiff,  
 While sheenèn water-weäves did play  
 An' boughs did swäy above the cliff ;  
 Vor Time had now a-show'd en dim  
 The jaÿ it had in store vor him,  
 An' when 'e went thik road ageän  
 His errand then wer Fanny Deäne.

How strannhely things be brought about  
 By Providence, noo tongue can tell,  
 She minded house when vo'k wer out,  
 An' zoo mus' bid the house farwell ;

The bees mid hum, the clock mid call  
 The lwonesome hours 'ithin the hall,  
 But in behind the woaken door,  
 There's now noo mwore a Fanny Deäne.



#### THE LOVELY MAID OV ELWELL MEAD.

A maïd wi' many gifts o' greäce,  
 A maïd wi' ever-smilèn feäce,  
 A child o' yours my childhood's pleäce,  
     O leänèn lawns ov Allen;  
 'S a-walkèn where your stream do flow,  
 A-blushèn where your flowers do blow,  
 A-smilèn where your zun do glow,  
     O leänèn lawns ov Allen.  
     An' good, however good 's a-waïgh'd,  
     'S the lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd.

An' oh! if I could teäme an' guide  
 The winds above the e'th, an' ride  
 As light as shootèn stars do glide,  
     O leänèn lawns ov Allen,  
 To you I 'd teäke my daely flight,  
 Droo dark'nèn äir in evenèn's light,

An' bid her every night " Good night,"  
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen.  
 Vor good, however good 's a-waigh'd,  
 'S the lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd.

An' when your hedges' sloos be blue,  
 Wi' blackberries o' dark'nèn hue,  
 An' spiders' webs behung wi' dew,  
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen,  
 Avore the winter air 's a-chill'd,  
 Avore your winter brook 's a-vill'd,  
 Avore your zummer flow'rs be kill'd,  
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen ;  
 I there would meet, in white array'd,  
 The lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd.

For when the zun, as birds do rise,  
 Do cast their sheädes vrom autum' skies,  
 A-sparklèn in her dewy eyes,  
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen ;  
 Then all your mossy paeths below  
 The trees, wi' leaves a-vallèn slow,  
 Lik' zinkèn fleäkes o' yollor snow,  
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen.  
 Would be mwore teakèn where there stray'd  
 The lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd.

## OUR FAETHERS' WORKS.

Ah! I do think, as I do tread  
 Theäse paeth, wi' elems auverhead,  
 A-climèn slowly up vrom Brudge,  
 By easy steps, to Broadwoak Rudge,  
 That all theäse roads that we do bruise  
 Wi' hosses' shoes, or heavy lwoads;  
 And hedges' bands, where trees in row  
 Do rise an' grow aroun' the lands,  
 Be works that we've a-vound a-wrought  
 By our forefaethers' ceäre an' thought.

They clear'd the groun' vor grass to teäke  
 The pleäce that bore the bremble breäke,  
 An' drain'd the fen, where water spread,  
 A-lyèn dead, a beäne to men;  
 An' built the mill, where still the wheel  
 Da' grin' our meal, below the hill;  
 An' turn'd the brudge, wi' arches spread,  
 Below a road, vor us to tread.

They voun' a pleäce, where we mid seek  
 The gifts o' greäce vrom week to week;

An' built wi' stwone, upon the hill,  
 A tow'r we still do call our own ;  
 With bells to use, an' meäke rejaice,  
 Wi' giant vaice, at our good news :  
 An' lifted stwones an' beams to keep  
 The räin an' cwold vrom us asleep.

Zoo now mid nwone ov us vorget  
 The pattern our forefaethers zet ;  
 But each be fäin to underteäke  
 Some work to meäke vor others' gain,  
 That we mid læve mwore good to sheäre,  
 Less ills to bear, less souls to grieve,  
 An' when our hands do vall to rest,  
 It mid be vrom a-work a-blest.



#### THE WOLD VO'K DEAD.

My days, wi' wold vo'k all but gone,  
 An' childern now a-comèn on,  
 Do bring me still my mother's smiles  
 In light that now do show my chile's ;  
 And I've a-sheär'd the wold vo'ks' me'th,  
 Avore the burnèn Chris'mas he'th,

At friendly bwards, where feäce by feäce,  
 Did, year by year, gi'e up its pleäce,  
 An' leäve me here, behine, to tread  
 The ground a-trod by wold vo'k dead.

But wold things be a-lost vor new,  
 An' zome do come, while zome do goo :  
 As wither'd beech-tree leaves do cling  
 Among the nesh young buds o' spring ;  
 An' frettèn worms ha' slowly wound,  
 Droo beams the wold vo'k lifted sound,  
 An' trees they planted little slips  
 Ha' stems that noo two eärms can clips ;  
 An' grey an' yollor moss do spread  
 On buildèns new to wold vo'k dead.

The backs of all our zilv'ry hills,  
 The brook that still do dreve our mills,  
 The roads a-climèn up the brows  
 O' knaps, a-screen'd by meäple boughs,  
 Wer all a-mark'd in sheäde and light  
 Avore our wolder faethers' zight,  
 In zunny days, a-gied their hands  
 For happy work, a-tillèn lands,  
 That now do yield their childern bread  
 Till they do rest wi' wold vo'k dead.



But livèn vo'k, a-grievèn on,  
 Wi' lwonesome love, vor souls a-gone,  
 Do zee their goodness, but do vind  
 All else a-stealèn out o' mind ;  
 As air do meäke the vurdest land  
 Look feäirer than the vield at hand,  
 An' zoo, as time do slowly pass,  
 So still 's a sheäde upon the grass,  
 Its wid'nèn speäce do slowly shed  
 A glory roun' the wold vo'k dead.

An' what if good vo'ks' life o' breath  
 Is zoo a-hallow'd a'ter death,  
 That they mid only know above,  
 Their times o' faith, an' jaÿ, an' love,  
 While all the evil time ha' brought  
 Is lost vor ever out o' thought ;  
 As all the moon that idden bright,  
 Is lost in darkness out o' zight ;  
 And all the godly life they led  
 Is glory to the wold vo'k dead.

If things be zoo, an' souls above  
 Can only mind our e'thly love,  
 Why then they 'll veel our kindness drown  
 The thoughts ov all that meäde em frown.

An' jaÿ o' jaÿs will dry the tear  
 O' sadness that do trickle here,  
 An' nothèn mwore o' life than love,  
 An' peace, will then be known above.  
 Do good, vor that, when life's a-vled,  
 Is still a pleasure to the dead.



#### CULVER DELL AND THE SQUIRE.

There 's noo pleäce I do like so well,  
 As Elem Knap in Culver Dell,  
 Where timber trees, wi' lofty shouds,  
 Did rise avore the western clouds ;  
 An' stan' ageän, wi' veathery tops,  
 A-swayen up in Noth-Hill Copse.  
 An' on the east the mornèn broke  
 Above a dewy grove o' woak ;  
 An' noontide shed its burnèn light  
 On ashes on the southern height ;  
 And I could vind zome teäles to tell,  
 O' former daes in Culver Dell,

And all the vo'k did love so well  
 The good wold squire o' Culver Dell,

That used to ramble droo the sheädes  
 O' timber, or the burnèn gleädes,  
 An' come at evenèn up the leäze  
 Wi' red-eäred dogs bezide his knees,  
 An' hold his gun a-hangèn droo  
 His eärmpit, out above his tooe.  
 Wi' kindly words upon his tongue,  
 Vor vo'k that met en, wold an' young,  
 Vor he did know the poor so well  
 'S the richest vo'k in Culver Dell.

An' while the woäk wi' spreadèn head  
 Did sheäde the foxes' verny bed ;  
 An' runnèn heäres, in zunny gleädes,  
 Did beät the grasses' quiv'rèn' bleädes ;  
 An' speckled pætridges took flight  
 In yields o' stubble, feädèn white ;  
 Or he could zee the pheasant strut  
 In sheädy woods, wi' painted cwot ;  
 Or long-tongued dogs did love to run  
 Among the leaves, bezide his gun ;  
 He didden want vor call to dwell  
 At hwome in peace in Culver Dell.

But now I hope his kindly feäce  
 Is gone to vind a better pleäce ;

But still, wi' vo'k a-left behind  
 He'll always be a-kept in mind,  
 Vor all his springy-rooted hounds  
 Ha' done o' trottèn round his grounds,  
 An' we have all a-left the spot,  
 To teäke, a-scatter'd, each his lot ;  
 An' even Faether, lik' the rest,  
 Ha' left our long vorseäken nest ;  
 An' we should vind it sad to dwell,  
 Ageän at hwome in Culver Dell.

The äiry mornèns still mid smite  
 Our windors wi' their rwozy light,  
 An' high-zunn'd noons mid dry the dew  
 On growèn groun' below our shoe ;  
 The blushèn evenèn still mid dye  
 Wi' viry red, the western sky ;  
 The zunny spring-time's quicknèn power  
 Mid come to open leaf an' flower ;  
 An' days an' tides mid bring us on  
 Oone pleasure when another's gone.  
 But we must bid a long farwell  
 To days an' tides in Culver Dell.



## OUR BETHPLEACE.

How dear 's the door a latch do shut,  
 An' geården that a hatch do shut,  
 Where vu'st our bloomèn cheäks ha' prest  
 The pillor ov our childhood's rest ;  
 Or where, wi' little tooes, we wore  
 The paeths our faethers trod avore ;  
 Or clim'd the timber's bark aloft,  
 Below the zingèn lark aloft,  
 The while we heàrd the echo sound  
 Droo all the ringèn valley round.

A lwonesome grove o' woak did rise,  
 To screen our house, where smoke did rise,  
 A-twistèn blue, while eet the zun  
 Did langthen on our childhood's fun ;  
 An' there, wi' all the sheäpes an' sounds  
 O' life, among the timber 'd grounds,  
 The birds upon their boughs did zing,  
 An' milkmaids by their cows did zing,  
 Wi' merry sounds, that softly died,  
 A-ringèn down the valley zide.

By river banks, wi' reeds a-bound,  
 An' sheenèn pools, wi' weeds a-bound,  
 The long-neck'd gander's ruddy bill  
 To snow-white geese did cackle sh'ill;  
 An' stridèn peewits heästen'd by,  
 O' tiptoe wi' their screamèn cry;  
 An' stalkèn cows a-lowèn loud,  
 An' struttèn cocks a-crowèn loud,  
 Did rouse the echoes up to mock  
 Their mingled soun's by hill an' rock.

The stars that clim'd our skies all dark,  
 Above our sleepèn eyes all dark,  
 An' zuns a-rollèn round to bring  
 The seasons on, vrom spring to spring,  
 Ha' vled, wi' never-restèn flight,  
 Droo green-bough'd dae, an' dark-treed night;  
 Till now our childhood's pleäces there  
 Be gay wi' other feäces there,  
 An' we ourselves do vollow on  
 Our own forelivers dead an' gone.

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## THE WINDOR FREAMED WI' STWONÉ.

When Pentridge House wer still the nest  
 O' souls that now ha' better rest,  
 Avore the viër burnt to ground  
 Its beams an' walls, that then wer sound,  
 'Ithin a nail-bestudded door,  
 An' passage wi' a stwonèn vloor,  
 There spread the hall, where zun-light shone  
 In droo a windor freäm'd wi' stwone.

A clavy-beam o' sheenèn woak  
 Did span the he'th, wi' twistèn smoke,  
 Where fleämes did shoot in yollor streaks,  
 Above the brands, their flashèn peaks;  
 An' aent did pull, as she did stan'  
 A-tip-tooe, wi' her lifted han',  
 A curtain feäded wi' the zun,  
 Avore the windor freäm'd wi' stwone.

When Hwome-grown grass, below the moon,  
 Wer damp wi' evenèn dew in June,  
 An' aent did call the maidens in  
 Vrom walkèn, wi' their shoes too thin,

They zot to rest their litty veet  
 Upon the windor's woaken seat,  
 An' chatted there, in light that shone  
 In droo the windor freām'd wi' stwone.

An' as the seasons, in a ring,  
 Roll'd slowly roun' vrom spring to spring,  
 An' bro't em on zome holy-tide,  
 When they did cast their tools azide ;  
 How glad it meāde em all to spy  
 In Stwonylands zome friends draw nigh,  
 As they did know em all by neāme  
 Out droo the windor's stwonèn freāme.

O' evenèn zun, a-ridèn droo  
 The sky, vrom Sh'oton Hill o' blue,  
 To leāve the night a-broodèn dark  
 At Sta'bridge, wi' its grey-wall'd park ;  
 Small jaÿ to me the vields do bring,  
 Vor all their zummer birds do zing,  
 Since now thy beams noo mwore do fleāne  
 In droo the windor's stwonèn freāme.





## THE WATER-SPRING IN THE LEANE.

Oh ! aye ! the spring 'ithin the leâne,  
 A-leädèn down to Lyddan Brook ;  
 An' still a-nesslèn in his nook,  
 As weeks do pass, an' moons do weäne.

Nwone the drier,  
 Nwone the higher,  
 Nwone the nigher to the door  
 Where we did live so long avore.

An' oh ! what vo'k his mossy brim  
 Ha' gather'd in the run' o' time !  
 The wife a-blushèn in her prime ;  
 The widor wi' her eyezight dim ;

Maidens dippèn,  
 Childern sippèn,  
 Water drippèn, at the cool  
 Dark wallèn ov the little pool.

Behind the spring do lie the lands  
 My faether till'd, vrom spring to spring,  
 Awaitèn on vor time to bring  
 The crops to pay his weary hands.

Wheat a-growèn,  
 Beäns a-blowèn,  
 Grass vor mowèn, where the brudge  
 Do leäd to Ryall's on the rudge.

But who do know when liv'd an' died  
 The squier o' the mwoldrèn hall;  
 That lined en wi' a stwonèn wall,  
 An' steän'd so cleän his wat'ry zide?

We behind en,  
 Now can't vind en,  
 But do mind en, an' do thank  
 His meäker vor his little tank.



#### THE POPLARS.

If theäse dae's work an' burnèn sky  
 'V'a zent hwome you so tired as I,  
 Let's zit an' rest 'ithin the screen  
 O' my wold bow'r upon the green;  
 Where I do goo myzef an' let  
 The evenèn aiër cool my het,  
 When dew do wet the grasses' bleädes,  
 A-quiv'rèn in the dusky sheädes.

There yonder poplar trees do play  
 Soft music, as their heads do sway,  
 While wind, a-rustlèn soft or loud,  
 Do stream ageän their lofty shoud ;  
 An' seem to heal the ranklèn zore  
 My mind do meet wi' out o' door,  
 When I've a-bore, in downcast mood,  
 Zome evil where I look'd vor good.

An' they two poplars that do rise  
 So high avore our naïbours' eyes,  
 Wer zet by gramfer, hand by hand,  
 Wi' grammer, in their bit o' land ;  
 And oone upon the western zide  
 Wer his, and oone wer grammer's pride,  
 An' since they died, we all do teäke  
 Mwore ceäre o'm vor the wold vo'k's seäke.

An' there, wi' stems a-growèn tall  
 Avore the houses' mossy wall,  
 The while the moon ha' slowly past  
 The leafy windor, they've a-cast  
 Their sheädes 'ithin the windor peäne ;  
 While childern have a-grow'd to men,  
 An' then ageän ha' left their beds,  
 To bear their childern's heavy heads.

## THE LINDEN ON THE LAWN.

No! Jenny, there's noo pleäce to charm  
 My mind lik' yours at Woakland farm,  
 A-peärted vrom the busy town,  
 By longsöme miles ov äiry down,  
 Where öonce the meshy wall did gird  
 Your flow'ry geärden, an' the bird  
 Did zing in zummer wind that stirr'd  
 The spreadèn linden on the lawn.

An' now ov all the trees wi' sheädes  
 A-wheelèn round in Blackmwor gleädes,  
 There's noo tall poplar by the brook,  
 Nor elem that do rock the rook,  
 Nor ash upon the shelvèn ledge,  
 Nor low-bough'd woak beside the hedge,  
 Nor withy leänèn awver zedge,  
 So dear's thik linden on the lawn.

Vor there, o' zummer nights, below  
 The wall, we zot when äir did blow,  
 An' sheäke the dewy rwose a-tied  
 Up roun' the windor's stwonen zide;

An' while the carter rod along  
 A-zingèn, down the dusky drong,  
 There you did zing a sweeter zong  
 Below the linden on the lawn.

An' while your warbled ditty wound  
 Droo playsome flights o' mellor sound,  
 The nightèngeäle's sh'ill zong, that broke  
 The stillness ov the dewy woak,  
 Rung clear along the grove, an' smote  
 To sudden stillness ev'ry droat;  
 As we did zit, an' hear it float  
 Below the linden on the lawn.

Where dusky light did softly vall  
 'Ithin the stwonèn-windor'd hall,  
 Avore your faether's blinkèn eyes,  
 His evenèn whiff o' smoke did rise,  
 An' vrom the bedroom windor's height  
 Your little John, a-cloth'd in white,  
 An' gwaïn to bed, did cry "good night"  
 Towards the linden on the lawn.

But now, as Dobbin, wi' a nod  
 Vor ev'ry heavy step 'e trod,  
 Did bring me on, to-night, avore  
 The geäbled house's porchèd door,

Noo laefèn child a-cloth'd in white,  
 Look'd droo the stwonèn windor's light,  
 An' noo vaice zung, in dusky night,  
 Below the linden on the lawn,

An' zoo, if you should ever vind,  
 My kindness seem to grow less kind,  
 An' if upon my clouded feäce  
 My smile should yield a frown its pleäce,  
 Then, Jenny, only laef an' call  
 My mind 'ithin the geärden wall,  
 Where we did play at even-fall,  
 Below the linden on the lawn.



#### OUR ABODE IN ARBY WOOD.

Though ice do hang upon the willows  
 Out beside the vrozen brook,  
 An' storms do roar above our pillows,  
 Droo the night, 'ithin our nook ;  
 Our evenèn he'th 's a-glowèn warm,  
 Droo wringèn frost, an' roarèn storm.  
 Though winds mid meäke the wold beams sheäke,  
 In our abode in Arby Wood.

An' there, though we mid hear the timber  
 Creakèn in the windy raïn ;  
 An' climèn ivy quiver, limber,  
 Up ageän the windor peäne ;  
 Our merry vaïces then do sound,  
 In rollèn glee, or dree-vaïce round ;  
 Though wind mid roar, 'ithout the door,  
 Ov our abode in Arby Wood.

#### THE VIER-ZIDE.

'Tis zome vo'k's jaÿ to teäke the road,  
 An' goo abro'd, a wand'ren wide,  
 Vrom shere to shere, vrom pleäce to pleäce,  
 The swiftest peäce that vo'k can ride.  
 But I've a jaÿ 'ithin the door,  
 Wi' friends avore the vier-zide.

An' zoo, when winter skies do lour,  
 An' when the Stour's a-rollèn wide,  
 Droo brudge-voot rails, a-painted white,  
 To be at night, the trav'ller's guide,  
 Gi'e me a pleäce that's warm an' dry,  
 A-zittèn nigh my vier-zide.

Vor where do love o' kith an' kin,  
 A't vu'st begin, or grow and wride,  
 Till souls a-lov'd so young, be wold,  
 Though never cwold, droo time nor tide,  
 But where in me'th their gather'd veet  
 Do often meet—the vier-zide.

If when a friend ha' left the land,  
 I shook his hand a-most wet-eyed,  
 I velt too well the op'nèn door  
 Would leäd noo mwore where he did bide,  
 An' where I heärd his vaice's sound,  
 In me'th around the vier-zide.

As I've a-zeed how vast do vall  
 The mwold'rèn hall, the wold vo'k's pride,  
 Where merry hearts were oonce a-ved  
 Wi' daely bread, why I've a-sigh'd,  
 To zee the wall so green wi' mwold,  
 An' vind so cwold the vier-zide.

An' Chris'mas still mid bring his me'th  
 To ouer he'th, but if we tried  
 To gather all that oonce did wear  
 Gay feäces there! Ah! zome ha' died,  
 An' zome be gone to leäve wi' gaps  
 O' missèn laps, the vier-zide.



But come now, bring us in your hand,  
 A heavy brand o' woak a-dried,  
 To cheer us wi' his het an' light,  
 While vrosty night, so starry-skied,  
 Go gather souls that time do speäre  
 To zit an' sheäre our vier-zide.



#### KNOWLWOOD.

I don't want to sleep abroad, John,  
 I do like my whomeward road, John ;  
 An' like the sound o' Knowlwood bells the best.  
 Zome would rove vrom pleäce to pleäce, John,  
 Zome would goo vrom feäce to feäce, John,  
 But I be happy in my hwomely nest ;  
 An' slight 's the hope vor any pleäce bezide,  
 To leäve the plain abode where love do bide,

Where the shelvèn knap do vall, John,  
 Under trees a-springèn tall, John ;  
 'Tis there my house do show his sheenèn zide,  
 Wi' his walls vor ever green, John,

Under ivy that 's a screen, John,  
 Vrom wet an' het an' ev'ry changèn tide,  
 An' I do little ho vor goold or pride,  
 To leàve the plaìn abode where love do bide.

There the bendèn stream do flow, John,  
 By the mossy brudge's bow, John ;  
 An' there the road do wind below the hill ;  
 There the miller, white wi' meal, John,  
 Deafen'd wi' his foamy wheel, John,  
 Do stan o' times a-lookèn out o' mill :  
 The while 'ithin his lightly-sheäkèn door,  
 His wheatèn flour do whitèn all his floor.

When my daily work 's a-done, John,  
 At the zettèn o' the zun, John,  
 An' I all day 've a-play'd a good man's peärt,  
 Then my body's ease is blest, John,  
 While my conscience is at rest, John ;  
 An' while noo worm's a-left to fret my heart ;  
 An' who vor finer hwomes o' restless pride,  
 Would pass the plaìn abode where peäce do bide ?

By a windor in the west, John,  
 There upon my fiddle's breast, John,  
 The strings do sound below my bow's white heär ;  
 While a zingèn drush do swaÿ, John,

Up an' down upon a spray, John,  
 An' cast his sheäde upon the windor square ;  
 Vor birds do know their friends, an' build their nest,  
 An' love to roost, where they can live at rest.

Out o' town the win' do bring, John,  
 Peals o' bells when they do ring, John,  
 An' roun' me here, at hand, my ear can catch  
 The milkmaïd zingèn by the stream, John,  
 Or carter whislèn wi' his team, John,  
 Or zingèn birds, or water at the hatch ;  
 An' zoo wi' sounds o' vaice, an' bird an' bell,  
 Noo hour is dull 'ithin our rosy dell.

An' when the darksome night do hide, John,  
 Land an' wood on ev'ry zide, John ;  
 An' when the candle's lighted on my bward,  
 Then vor pleasures out o' door, John,  
 I 've enough upon my floor, John :  
 My Jenny's lovèn deed, an' look, an' word,  
 An' we be 'lwoth, lik' culvers zide by zide,  
 To læve the plain abode where love do bide.



## HALLOWED PLEACES.

At Woodcombe farm, wi' groun' an' tree  
 Hallow'd by times o' youthvul glee,  
 At Chris'mas time I spent a night  
 Wi' feäces dearest to my zight;  
 An' took my wife to tread, oonce mwore,  
 Her maïden hwome's vorzeäkèn vloor,  
 An' while the stars wer slowly wheel'd  
 Aloft, above the keen-aïr'd vield,  
 An' night bedimm'd the rus'lèn copse,  
 An' darken'd all the rudges' tops,  
 The hall, a-hung wi' holly, rung  
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There, on the he'th's well-hetted ground,  
 Hallow'd by times o' zittèn round,  
 The brimvul mug o' cider stood  
 An' hiss'd avore the bleäzèn wood;  
 An' zome, a-zittèn knee by knee,  
 Did tell their teäles wi' hearty glee,  
 An' others gambled in a roar  
 O' laeften on the stwonèn vloor;

An' while the moss o' winter-tide  
 Clung chilly roun' the house's zide,  
 The hall, a-hung wi' holly, rung  
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There, on the pworches bench o' stwone,  
 Hallow'd by times o' youthvul fun,  
 We laef'd an' sigh'd to think o' neämes  
 That rung there oonce, in evenèn geämes ;  
 An' while the swayèn cypress bow'd,  
 In chilly wind, his darksome shoud,  
 An' honeysuckles, beäre o' leaves,  
 Still reach'd the windor-sheädèn eaves  
 Up where the clematis did trim  
 The stwonèn arches mossy rim,  
 The hall, a-hung wi' holly, rung  
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There, in the geärden's wall-bound square,  
 Hallow'd by times o' strollèn there,  
 The winter wind, a-hufflèn loud,  
 Did swaÿ the pear-tree's leafless shoud,  
 An' beät the bush that oonce did bear  
 The damask rrose vor Jenny's heär ;  
 An' there the walk o' peävèn stwone  
 That burn'd below the zummer zun,

Struck icy-cwold droo shoes awore  
 By maidens vrom the hetted vloor  
 In hall, a-hung wi' holm, where rung  
 Vull many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There at the geäte that oonce wer blue,  
 Hallow'd by times o' passèn droo,  
 Light strawmotes rose in flaggèn flight,  
 A-floated by the winds o' night,  
 Where leafy ivy-stems did crawl  
 In moonlight on the windblown wall,  
 An' merry maidens' vaices vled  
 In echoes sh'ill, vrom wall to shed,  
 As shiv'rèn in their frocks o' white  
 They come to bid us there "Good night,"  
 Vrom hall, a-hung wi' holm, that rung  
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There in the narrow leäne an' drong  
 Hallow'd by times o' gwaïn along,  
 The lofty ashes' leafless shouds  
 Rose dark avore the clear-edged clouds,  
 The while the moon, at gertest height,  
 Bespread the pooly brook wi' light,  
 An' as our chile in loose-limb'd rest,  
 Lay peäle upon her mother's breast,

Her waxen eyelids seal'd her eyes  
 Vrom darksome trees, an' sheenèn skies,  
 An' halls a-hung wi' holm, that rung  
 Wi' many a tongue, o' wold and young.

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#### THE WOLD WALL.

Here, Jeäne, we vu'st did meet below  
 The leafy boughs a-swingèn slow,  
 The while the zun, wi' evenèn glow,  
 Above our road, wer beamèn red ;  
 The grass in zwath wer in the meäds,  
 The water gleam'd among the reeds  
 In air a-steälèn roun' the hall,  
 Where ivy clung upon the wall.  
 Ah ! well-a-dae ! O wall adieu !  
 The wall is wold, my grief is new.

An' there you walk'd wi' blushèn pride,  
 Where softly-wheelèn streams did glide,  
 Droo sheädes o' poplars at my zide,  
 An' there wi' love that still do live,  
 Your feäce did wear the smile o' youth,  
 The while you spoke wi' age's truth,

An' wi' a rrosebud's mossy ball,  
 I deck'd your bosom vrom the wall.  
 Ah! well-a-dae! O wall adieu!  
 The wall is wold, my grief is new.

But now when winter's rain do vall,  
 An' wind do beät ageän the hall,  
 The while upon the wat'ry wall  
 In spots o' grey the moss do grow;  
 The ruf noo mwore shall auverspread  
 The pillor ov our weary head,  
 Nor shall the rrose's mossy ball  
 Behang vor you the house's wall.  
 Ah! well-a-dae! O wall adieu!  
 The wall is wold, my grief is new.



#### BLEAKE'S HOUSE IN BLACKMWORE.

John Bleäke he had a bit o' groun'  
 Come to en by his mother's zide;  
 An' a'ter that, two hunderd poun'  
 His uncle left en when he died:



"Well now," cried John, "it is my bent  
 To build a house, an' pay noo rent."  
 An' Meäry gie'd en her consent.  
 "Do, do,"—the maidens cried.  
 "True, true,"—his wife replied.  
 "Done, done,—a house o' brick or stwone,"  
 Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

Then John he call'd vor men o' skill,  
 An' builders answer'd to his call;  
 An' met to reckon, each his bill;  
 Vor vloer an' windor, ruf an' wall.  
 An' oone did mark it on the groun',  
 An' oone did think, an' scratch his crown,  
 An' reckon work, an' write it down:  
 "Zoo, zoo,"—one treädesman cried,  
 "True, true,"—oone mwore replied.  
 "Aye, Aye,—good work, an' have good pay,"  
 Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

The work begun, an' trowels rung,  
 An' up the brickèn wall did rise,  
 An' up the slaentèn refters sprung,  
 Wi' busy blows, an' lusty cries:  
 An' oone brought planks to meäke a vloer,  
 An' oone did come wi' durns an' door,  
 An' oone did zaw, an' oone did bore.

" Brick, brick,—there down below.  
 Quick, quick,—why b'ye so slow ? "  
 " Lime, lime,—why we do weāste the time,  
 Vor merry Bleāke o' Blackmwore."

The house wer built vrom groun' to tun,  
 An' thatch'd ageän the räiny sky,  
 Wi' windors to the noondae zun,  
 Where rushy Stour do wander by.  
 In coo'se he had a pworch to screen  
 The inside door, when win's wer keen,  
 An' out avore the pworch, a green.  
 " Here ! here ! "—the childern cried :  
 " Dear ! dear ! "—the wife replied ;  
 " There, there,—the house is perty feair,"  
 Cried merry Bleāke o' Blackmwore.

Then John he ax'd his friends to warm  
 His house, an' they, a goodish batch,  
 Did come alwone, or eārm in eārm,  
 Allways, a-meākēn vor his hatch :  
 An' there below the clavy beam  
 The kittle-spout did zing an' steam ;  
 An' there wer ceākes, an' tea wi' cream.  
 " Lo ! lo ! "—the women cried ;  
 " Ho ! ho ! "—the men replied ;

"Health health,—attend ye wi' your wealth,  
Good merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore."

Then John wer präis'd an' flung his crown,  
All back a-laefèn in a roar.  
They präis'd his wife, an' she look'd down  
A-simperèn towards the vloor.  
Then up they sprung a-dancèn reels,  
An' up went tooes, an' up went heels,  
A-windèn roun' in knots an' wheels.  
"Brisk, brisk,"—the maidens cried;  
"Frisk, frisk,"—the men replied;  
"Quick, quick,—there wi' your fiddle-stick,"  
Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

An' when the morrow's zun did sheen,  
John Bleäke beheld, wi' jaÿ an' pride,  
His brickèn house, an' pworch, an' green,  
Above the Stouer's rushy zide.  
The swallows left the lwonesome groves,  
To build below the thatchèn oves,  
An' robins come vor crums o' lwoaves:  
"Tweet, tweet,"—the birds all cried;  
"Sweet, sweet,"—John's wife replied;  
"Dad, dad,"—the childern cried so glad,  
To merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

## JOHN BLEAKE AT HWOME AT NIGHT.

No : where the woak do auverspread,  
 The grass begloom'd below his head,  
 An' water, under bowèn zedge,  
 A-springèn vrom the river's edge,  
 Do ripple, as the win' do blow,  
 An' sparkle, as the sky do glow ;  
 An' grey-leav'd withy-boughs do cool,  
 Wi' darksome sheädes, the clear-feäced pool,  
 My chimney smoke 'ithin the lew,  
 O' trees is there arisèn blue ;  
 Avore the night do dim our zight,  
 Or candle-light, a-sheenèn bright,  
 Do sparkle droo the windor.

When crumpled leaves o' Fall do bound  
 Avore the wind, along the ground,  
 An' wither'd bennet-stems do stand  
 A-quiv'rèn on the chilly land ;  
 The while the zun, wi' zettèn rim,  
 Do læve the workman's pathway dim ;  
 An' sweet-breath'd childern's hangèn heads  
 Be laid wi' kisses, on their beds ;

Then I do seek my woodland nest,  
 An' zit beside the vier at rest,  
 While night's a-spread, where day's a-vled,  
 An' lights do shed their beams o' red,  
 A-sparklèn droo the windor.

If winter's whistlèn winds do vreeze  
 The snow a-gather'd on the trees,  
 An' sheâdes o' poplar-stems do vall  
 In moonlight up athirt the wall;  
 An' icicles do hang below  
 The oves, a-glitt'rèn in a row,  
 An' risèn stars do slowly ride  
 Above the ruf's upslantèn zide;  
 Then I do lay my weary head  
 Asleep upon my peaceful bed,  
 When middle-night ha' quench'd the light  
 Ov embers bright, an' candles white  
 A-beamèn droo the windor.



## MILKEN TIME.

'Twer when the busy birds did vlee,  
 Wi' sheenèn wings, from tree to tree,  
 To build upon the mossy lim',  
 Their hollor nestes' rounded rim ;  
 The while the zun, a-zinkèn low,  
 Did roll along his evenèn bow,  
 I come along where wide-horn'd cows,  
 'Ithin a nook, a-screen'd by boughs,  
 Did stan' an' flip the white-hoop'd pails  
 Wi' heäiry tufts o' swingèn tails ;  
 An' there wer Jenny Coom a-gone  
 Along the paeth a vew steps on,  
 A-beärèn on her head, upstraight,  
 Her pail, wi' slowly-ridèn waight,  
 An' hoops a-sheenèn, lily-white,  
 Ageän the evenèn's slantèn light ;  
 An' zo I took her pail, an' left  
 Her neck a-freed vrom all its heft ;  
 An' she a-lookèn up an' down,  
 Wi' sheäply head an' glossy crown,  
 Then took my zide, an' kept my peäce  
 A-talkèn on wi' smilèn feäce,

An' zettèn things in sich a light,  
 I'd fäin ha' heär'd her talk all night ;  
 An' when I brought her milk avore  
 The geäte, she took it in to door,  
 An' if her pail had but allow'd  
 Her head to vall, she would ha' bow'd,  
 An' still, as 'twere, I had the zight  
 Ov' her sweet smile, droughout the night.



#### WHEN BIRDS BE STILL.

Vor all the zun do leäve the sky,  
 An' all the sounds o' dae do die,  
 An' noo mwore veet do walk the dim  
 Vield paeth to clim' the stiel's bars,  
 Yet out below the rizèn stars,  
 The dark'nèn dae mid leäve behind  
 Oone tongue that I shall always vind,  
 A-whisperèn kind, when birds be still.

Zoo let the dae come on to spread  
 His kindly light above my head,  
 Wi' zights to zee, an' soun's to hear,  
 That still do cheer my thoughtvul mind ;

Or let en goo, an' leäve behind  
 An' hour to stroll along the gleädes,  
 Where night do drown the beeches' sheädes,  
 On grasses' bleädes, when birds be still.

Vor when the night do lull the sound  
 O' cows a-bleärèn out in ground,  
 The shill-vaïc'd dog do stan' an' bark  
 'Ithin the dark, bezide the road;  
 An' when noo cracklèn waggon's lwoad  
 Is in the leäne, the wind do bring  
 The merry peals that bells do ring  
 O ding-dong-ding, when birds be still.

Zoo teäke, vor me, the town a-drown'd,  
 'Ithin a storm o' rumblèn sound,  
 An' gi'e me vaïces that do speak  
 So soft an' meek, to souls alwone;  
 The water gurglèn round a stwone,  
 An' birds o' dae a-zingèn clear,  
 An' leaves, that I mid zit an' hear  
 A-rustlèn near, when birds be still.





## RIDEN HWOME AT NIGHT.

Oh! no, I quite injay'd the ride  
 Behine wold Dobbin's heavy heels,  
 Wi' Jeäne a-prattlèn at my zide,  
 Above our pair o' spinnèn wheels,  
 As grey-rin'd ashes' swayèn tops  
 Did creak in moonlight in the copse,  
 Above the quiv'rèn grass, a-beät  
 By wind a-blowèn droo the geät.

If weary souls did want their sleep,  
 They had a-zent vor sleep the night;  
 Vor vo'k that had a call to keep  
 Awake, lik' us, there still wer light.  
 An' He that shut the sleepers' eyes,  
 A-waitèn vor the zun to rise,  
 Ha' too much love to let em know  
 The ling'rèn night did goo so slow.

But if my wife did catch a zight  
 O' zome queer pollard, or a post,  
 Poor soul! she took en in her fright  
 To be a robber or a ghost.

A two-stump'd withy, wi' a head,  
 Mus' be a man wi' eärms a-spread ;  
 An' foam o' water, round a rock,  
 Wer then a drownèn leädy's frock.

Zome staddle stwones to bear a mow,  
     Wer daencèn veäries on the lag ;  
 An' then a snow-white sheeted cow  
     Could only be, she thought, their flag,  
 An owl a-vlèen droo the wood  
 Wer men on watch vor little good ;  
 An' geätes a-slam'd by win', did goo,  
 She thought, to let a robber droo.

But a'ter all, she lik'd the zight  
     O' cows asleep in glitt'rèn dew ;  
 An' brooks that gleam'd below the light,  
     An' dim vield paeths 'ithout a shoe.  
 An' gäily ta'k'd beside my ears,  
 A-laefèn off her needless fears ;  
 Or had the childern uppermost  
 In mind, instead o' thief or ghost.

An' when our house, wi' open door,  
     Did rumble hollor round our heads,  
 She heästen'd up to t'other vloor,  
     To zee the childern in their beds ;

An' voun' oone little head awry,  
 Wi' oone a-turn'd toward the sky;  
 An' wrung her hands ageän her breast,  
 A-smilèn at their happy rest.



### ZUN-ZET.

Where the western zun, unclouded,  
 Up above the grey hill-tops,  
 Did sheen droo ashes, lofty sh'ouDED.  
 On the turf beside the copse,  
 In zummer weather,  
 We together,  
 Sorrow-slitèn, work-vorgettèn,  
 Gambol'd wi' the zun a-zettèn.

• There, by flow'ry bows o' bramble,  
 Under hedge, in ash-tree sheädes,  
 The dun-heär'd hoss did slowly ramble  
 On the grasses' dewy bleädes,  
 Zet free o' lwoods,  
 An' stwony rwoods,  
 Vorgetvul o' the lashes frettèn,  
 Grazèn wi' the zun a-zettèn.

There wer rooks a-beätèn by us  
 Droo the aïr, in a vlock,  
 An' there the lively blackbird, nigh us,  
 On the meäple bough did rock,  
 Wi' ringèn droat,  
 Where zunlight smote  
 The yollor boughs o' zunny hedges  
 Auver western hills' blue edges.

Waters, droo the meäds a-purlèn,  
 Glissen'd in the evenèn's light,  
 An' smoke, above the town a-curlèn,  
 Melted slowly out o' zight ;  
 An' there, in glooms  
 Ov unzunn'd rooms,  
 To zome, wi' idle sorrows frettèn,  
 Zuns did set avore their zettèn.

We were out in geämes and reäces,  
 Loud a-laefèn, wild in me'th,  
 Wi' windblown heaïr, an' zunbrown'd feäces,  
 Leäpen on the high-sky'd e'th,  
 Avore the lights  
 Were tin'd o' nights,  
 An' while the gossamer's light nettèn  
 Sparkl'd to the zun a-zettèn.

## SPRING.

Now the zunny aîr 's a-blowèn  
 Softly auver flowers a-growèn ;  
 An' the sparklèn light do quiver  
 On the ivy-bough an' river ;  
 Bleätèn lambs, wi' woolly feäces,  
 Now do play, a-runnèn reäces ;  
     An' the springèn  
     Lark 's a-zingèn,  
 Lik' a dot avore the cloud,  
 High above the ashes' shoud.

Housèn, in the open brightness,  
 Now do sheen in spots o' whiteness ;  
 Here an' there, on upland ledges,  
 In among the trees an' hedges,  
 Where, along by vlocks o' sparrows,  
 Chatt'rèn at the ploughman's harrows,  
     Dousty rwoaded,  
     Errand-lwoaded ;  
 Jenny, though her cloak is thin,  
 Do wish en hwome upon the pin.

Zoo come along, noo longer heedvul  
 Ov the viër, leätely needvul,  
 Auver grass o' slopèn leäzes,  
 Zingèn zongs in zunny breäzes ;  
 Out to work in copse, a-mootèn,  
 Where the primrwose is a-shootèn,  
     An' in gladness,  
     Free o' sadness,  
 In the warmth o' spring vorget  
 Leafless winter's cwold and wet.



#### THE ZUMMER HEDGE.

As light do gleäre in ev'ry groun',  
 Wi' boughy hedges out a-roun'  
 A-climmèn up the slopèn brows  
 O' hills, in rows o' sheädy boughs :  
 The while the hawthorn buds do blow  
 As thick as stars, an' white as snow ;  
 Or cream-white blossoms be a-spread  
 About the guelder-rwoses' head ;  
 How cool 's the sheäde, or warm 's the lewth,  
 Bezide a zummer hedge in blooth.

When we've a-work'd droo longsorne hours,  
 Till dew's a-dried vrom dazzlèn flow'rs,  
 The while the climmèn zun ha' glow'd  
 Droo mwore than haef his daely road :  
 Then where the sheädes do slily pass  
 Athirt our veet upon the grass,  
 As we do rest by lofty ranks  
 Ov elema on the flowr'y banks ;  
 How cool's the sheäde, or warm's the lewth,  
 Bezide a zummer hedge in blooth.

But oh ! below oone hedge's zide  
 Our jaÿ do come a-most to pride ;  
 Out where the high-stemm'd trees do stand,  
 In row bezide our own free land,  
 An' where the wide-leav'd clote mid zwim  
 'Ithin our water's rushy rim :  
 An' raïn do vall, an' zuns do burn,  
 An' each in season, and in turn,  
 To cool the sheäde or warm the lewth  
 Ov our own zummer hedge in blooth.

How soft do sheäke the zummer hedge—  
 How soft do swaÿ the zummer zedge—  
 How bright be zummer skies an' zun—  
 How bright the zummer brook do run ;

An' feäir the flow'rs do bloom to feäde  
 Behine the swaÿen mower's bleäde ;  
 An' sweet be merry looks o' jaÿ  
 By weäles an' pooks o' June's new haÿ,  
 Wi' smilèn age, an' laefèn youth,  
 Bezide the zummer hedge in blooth.



#### THE WATER CROWVOOT.

O small-feäced flow'r that now dost bloom  
 To stud wi' white the shallor Frome,  
 An' leäve the clote to spread his flow'r  
 On darksome pools o' stwoneless Stour,  
 When sofly-rizèn äirs do cool  
 The water in the sheenèn pool,  
 Thy beds o' snow-white buds do gleam  
 So feäir upon the sky-blue stream,  
 As whitest clouds, a-hangèn high  
 Avore the blueness o' the sky ;  
 An' there, at hand, the thin-heäir'd cows,  
 In äiry sheädes o' withy boughs,  
 Or up bezide the mossy rails,  
 Do stan' an' zwing their heavy tails,



The while the ripplèn stream do flow  
 Below the dusty brudge's bow ;  
 An' quiv'rèn water-gleams do mock  
 The weäves, upon the sheäded rock ;  
 An' up athirt the copèn stwone  
 The laïtren bwoy do leän alwone,  
 A-watchèn, wi' a stedvast look,  
 The vallèn waters in the brook,  
 The while the zand o' time do run  
 An' leäve his errand still undone.  
 An' oh ! as long's thy buds would gleam  
 Above the softly-slidèn stream,  
 While sparklèn zummer-brooks do run  
 Below the lofty-climèn zun,  
 I only wish that thou could'st staÿ  
 Vor noo man's harm, an' all men's jaÿ.  
 But no, the waterman 'ull weäde  
 Thy water wi' his deadly bleäde,  
 To slaÿ thee even in thy bloom,  
 Fair small-feäced flower o' the Frome.



## THE LILAC.

Dear lilac-tree, a-spreadèn wide  
 Thy purple blooth on ev'ry zide,  
 As if the hollor sky did shed  
 Its blue upon thy flow'ry head;  
 Oh! whether I mid sheäre wi' thee  
 Thy open aïr, my bloomèn tree,  
 Or zee thy blossoms vrom the gloom  
 'Ithin my zunless workèn-room,  
 My heart do leäp, but leäp wi' sighs,  
 At zight o' thee avore my eyes,  
 For when thy greyblue head do swaÿ  
 In cloudless light, 'tis Spring, 'tis Maÿ.

'Tis Spring, 'tis Maÿ, as Maÿ oonce shed  
 His glowèn light above thy head—  
 When thy green boughs, wi' bloomy tips,  
 Did sheäde my childern's laefèn lips;  
 A-screenèn vrom the noondae gleäre  
 Their rwozy cheäks an' glossy heäir;  
 The while their mother's needle sped,  
 Too quick vor zight, the snow-white thread,  
 Unless her han', wi' lovèn ceäre,  
 Did smoothe their little heads o' heäir;

Or wi' a sheäke, tie up anew  
 Vor zome wild voot, a slippèn shoe ;  
 An' I did leän beside thy mound  
 Ageän the deäsy-dappled ground,  
 The while the woaken clock did tick  
 My hour o' rest away too quick,  
 An' call me off to work anew,  
 Wi' slowly-ringèn strokes, oone, two.

Zoo let me zee noo darksome cloud  
 Bedim to-dae thy flow'ry shoud,  
 But let en bloom on ev'ry spraÿ,  
 Droo all the daes o' zunny Maÿ.



#### THE BLACKBIRD.

'Twer out at Penly I 'd a-past  
 A zummer dae that went too vast,  
 An' when the zettèn zun did spread  
 On western clouds a vi'ry red ;  
 The elems' leafy limbs wer' still  
 Above the gravel-bedded rill,  
 An' under it did warble shill,  
 Avore the dusk, the blackbird.

An' there in sheädes o' darksome yews  
 Did vlee the maidens on their tooes,  
 A-laefen shill wi' merry feäce  
 When we did vind their hidèn pleäce,  
 'Tthin the loose-bough'd ivy's gloom,  
 Or lofty lilac vull in bloom,  
 Or hazzle-wrides that gi'ed em room  
 Below the zingen blackbird.

Above our heads the rooks did vlee  
 To reach their nested elem-tree,  
 An' splashèn vishes rose to catch  
 The wheelèn gnots above the hatch;  
 An' there the miller went along,  
 A-smilèn, up the sheädy drong,  
 But eet too deaf to hear the zong  
 A-zung us by the blackbird.

An' there the shilly-bubblèn brook  
 Did leäve behind his rocky nook,  
 To run droo meäds a-chill'd wi' dew,  
 Vrom hour to hour the whole night droo;  
 But still his murmurs wer' a-drown'd  
 By vaices that mid never sound  
 Ageän together on that ground,  
 Wi' whislens o' the blackbird.

## THE SLANTEN LIGHT O' FALL.

Ah ! Jeäne, my maïd, I stood to you,  
 When you wer' cristen'd, small an' light,  
 Wi' tiny eärms o' red an' blue,  
 A-hangèn in your robe o' white.  
 We brought ye to the hallow'd stwone,  
 Vor Christ to teäke ye vor his own,  
 When harvest work wer' all a-done,  
 An' time brought round October zun—  
 The slantèn light o' Fall.

An' I can mind the wind wer' rough,  
 An' gather'd clouds, but brought noo storms,  
 An' you wer' nessed warm enough,  
 'Ithin your smilèn mother's eärms.  
 The whindlèn grass did quiver light,  
 Among the stubble, feäded white,  
 An' if at times the zun-light broke  
 Upon the groun', or on the vo'k,  
 'Twer' slantèn light o' Fall.

An' when we brought ye droo the door  
 O' Knapton Church, a child o' greäce,  
 There cluster'd roun' a'most a score  
 O' vo'k to zee your tiny feäce.

An' there we all did veel so proud,  
 To zee an op'nèn in the cloud,  
 An' then a stream o' light break droo,  
 A-sheenèn brightly down on you—  
     The slantèn light o' Fall.

But now your time 's a-come to stan'  
     In church a-blushèn at my zide,  
 The while a bridegroom vrom my han'  
     Ha' took ye vor his faithvul bride.  
 Your christèn neäme we gi'd ye hère,  
 When Fall did cool the weästèn year;  
 An' now, ageän, we brought ye droo  
 The doorway, wi' your surneäme new,  
     In slantèn light o' Fall.

An' zoo vur, Jeäne, your life is feäir,  
     An' God ha' been your steadvast friend,  
 An' mid ye have mwore jaÿ than ceäre,  
     Vor ever, till your journey's end.  
 An' I've a-watch'd ye on wi' pride,  
 But now I soon mus' leäve your zide,  
 Vor you ha' still life's spring-tide zun,  
 But my life, Jeäne, is now a-run  
     To slantèn light o' Fall.

## THISSLEDOWN.

The thissledown by winds a-roll'd  
 In Fall along the zunny plaïn,  
 Did catch the grass, but lose its hold,  
 Or cling to bennits, but in vain.

But when it zwept along the grass,  
 An<sup>a</sup> zunk below the hollor's edge,  
 It lay at rest while winds did pass  
 Above the pit-bescreenèn ledge.

The plaïn ha' brightness wi' his strife,  
 The pit is only dark at best,  
 There's pleasure in a worksome life,  
 An' sloth is tiresome wi' its rest.

Zoo, then, I'd sooner beär my peärt,  
 Ov all the trials vo'k do rue,  
 Than have a deadness o' the heart,  
 Wi' nothèn left to veel or do.



## LYDLINCH BELLS.

When skies wer' peäle wi' twinklèn stars,  
 An' whislèn air wer' risèn keen ;  
 An' birds had left the icy bars  
 To vind, in woods, their mossy screen ;  
 When vrozen grass, as white 's a sheet,  
 Did scrunchy sharp below our vëet,  
 An' water, that did sparkle red  
 At zunzet, wer' a-vrozen dead ;  
 The ringers then did spend an hour  
 A-ringèn changes up in tow'r ;  
 Vor Lydlinch bells be good vor sound,  
 An' liked by all the naighbours round.

An' while along the leafless boughs  
 O' ruslèn hedges win's did pass,  
 And orts ov haÿ, a-left by cows,  
 Did russle on the vrozen grass,  
 An' maïdens' pails, wi' all their work  
 A-done, did hang upon their vurk,  
 An' they, avore the fleämèn brand,  
 Did teake their needle-work in hand,



The men did cheer their hearts an hour  
 A-ringèn changes up in tow'r ;  
 Vor Lydlinch bells be good vor sound,  
 An' liked by all the naìghbours round.

There sons did pull the bells that rung  
 Their mothers' weddèn peals avore,  
 The while their faethers led 'em young  
 An' blushèn vrom the churches door,  
 An' still did cheem, wi' happy sound,  
 As time did bring the Zundays round,  
 An' call em to the holy pleäce  
 Vor heav'nly gifts o' peace an' greäce ;  
 An' vo'k did come, a-streamèn slow  
 Along below the trees in row,  
 While they, in merry peals, did sound  
 The bells vor all the naìghbours round.

An' when the bells, wi' changèn peal,  
 Did smite their own vo'k's windor-peänes,  
 Their sofen'd sound did often steal  
 Wi' west winds droo the Bagber leänes ;  
 Or, as the win' did shift, mid goo  
 Where woody Stock do nessle lew,  
 Or where the risèn moon did light  
 The walls o' Thornhill on the height ;

An' zoo, whatever time mid bring  
 To meäke their vive clear vaices zing,  
 Still Lydlinch bells wer' good vor sound,  
 An' liked by all the naighbours round.



### THE STAGE COACH.

Ah! when the wold vo'k went abroad  
 They thought it vast enough,  
 If vow'r good hosses beät the road  
 Avore the coach's ruf;  
 An' there they zot,  
 A-cwold or hot,  
 An' roll'd along the ground,  
 While the whip did smack  
 On the hosses' back,  
 An' the wheels went swiftly round, Good so's;  
 The wheels went swiftly round.

Noo iron rails did streak the land  
 To keep the wheels in track.  
 The coachman turn'd his vow'r-in-hand,  
 Out right, or left, an' back;

An' 'e stopt avore  
 A man's own door,  
 To teäke en up or down :  
 While the reïns vell slack,  
 On the hosses' back,  
 Till the wheels did rattle roun' ageän ;  
 'Till the wheels did rattle roun.'

An' there, when wintry win' did blow,  
 Athirt the pläin an' hill,  
 An' the zun wer' peäle above the snow,  
 An' ice did stop the mill,  
 They did laef an' joke  
 Wi' cwoat or cloke,  
 So warmly roun' em bound,  
 While the whip did crack  
 On the hosses' back,  
 An' the wheels roll'd swiftly round, d'ye know ;  
 The wheels went swiftly round.

An' when the rumblèn coach did pass  
 Where hufflèn winds did roar,  
 They stopp'd to teäke a warmèn glass  
 By the sign above the door ;  
 An' did laef an' joke  
 An' ax the vo'k

The miles they wer' vrom town,  
 Till the whip did crack  
 On the hosses' back,  
 An' the wheels roll'd swiftly roun', good vo'k;  
 The wheels roll'd swiftly roun'.

An' gaily rod wold age or youth,  
 When zummer light did vall  
 On woods in leaf, or trees in blooth,  
 Or girt vo'k's parkside wall.  
 An' they thought they past  
 The pleäces vast,  
 Along the dousty groun',  
 When the whip did smack  
 On the hosses' back,  
 An' the wheels spun swiftly roun'. Them days  
 The wheels spun swiftly roun'.

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#### WAYFEAREN.

The sky wer' clear, the zunsheen glow'd  
 On droopèn flowers droo the day,  
 As I did beät the dowsty road  
 Vrom hinder hills, a-feädèn gray;

Droo hollors up the hills,  
 Vrom knaps along by mills,  
 Vrom mills by churches tow'rs, wi' bells  
 That twold the hours to woody dells.

An' when the windèn road do guide  
 The thirsty vootman where mid flow  
 The water vrom a rock bezide  
 His vootsteps, in a sheenèn bow ;  
 The hand a-hollor'd up  
 Do beät a-goolden cup,  
 To catch an' drink it, bright an' cool,  
 A-vallèn light 'ithin the pool.

Zoo when, at laest, I hung my head  
 Wi' thirsty lips a-burnèn dry,  
 I come bezide a river-bed  
 Where water flow'd so blue 's the sky ;  
 An' there I meäde me up  
 O' coltsvoot leaf a cup,  
 Where water from his lip o' gray,  
 Wer' sweet to sip thik burnèn day.

But when our work is right, a jaÿ  
 Do come to bless us in its traïn,  
 An' hardships ha' zome good to paÿ  
 The thoughtvul soul vor all their päin :

The het do sweetèn sheäde,  
 An' weäry lims' ha' meäde  
 A bed o' slumber, still an' sound,  
 By woody hill or grassy mound.

An' while I zot in sweet delay  
 Below an' elem on a hill,  
 Where boughs a-haefway up did sway  
 In sheädes o' lim's above em still,  
 An' blue sky show'd between  
 The flutt'rèn læves o' green ;  
 I wouden gi'e that gloom an' sheäde  
 Vor any room that weälth ha' meäde.

But oh ! that vo'k that have the roads  
 Where weary-vooted souls do pass,  
 Would læve bezide the stwone vor lwoods,  
 A little strip vor zummer grass ;  
 That when the stwones do bruise  
 An' burn' an' gall our tooes,  
 We then mid cool our veet on beds  
 O' wild-thyme sweet, or deäsy-heads.



## THE LEANE.

They do zae that a travellèn chap  
     Have a-put in the newspeäper now,  
 That the bit o' green ground on the knap  
     Should be all a-took in vor the plough.  
 He do fancy 'tis easy to show  
     That we can be but stunpolls at best,  
 Vor to læve a green spot where a flower can grow,  
     Or a voot-weary walker mid rest.  
 'Tis hedge-grubbèn, Thomas, an' ledge-grubbèn,  
     Never a-done  
 While a sov'rèn mwore's to be won.

The road, 'e do zae, is so wide  
     As 'tis wanted vor travellers' wheels,  
 As if all that did travel did ride,  
     An' did never get galls on their heels.  
 He would læve sich a thin strip o' groun',  
     That, if a man's veet in his shoes  
 Wer a-burnèn an' zore, why 'e cooden zit down  
     But the wheels would run auver his toes.  
 Vor 'tis meäke money, Thomas, an' teäke money,  
     What's zwold an' bought  
 Is all that is worthy o' thought.

Years agoo the leäne-zides did bear grass,  
     Vor to pull wi' the geeses' red bills,  
 That did hiss at the vo'k that did pass,  
     Or the bwoys that pick'd up their white quills.  
 But shortly, if vower or vive  
     Ov our goslèns do creep from the agg,  
 They must mwope in the geärden, mwore dead than alive,  
     In a coop, or a-tied by the lag.  
 Vor to catch at land, Thomas, an' snatch at land,  
     Now is the plan;  
 Meäke money wherever you can.

The childern wull soon have noo pleäce  
     Vor to play in, an' if they do grow,  
 They wull have a thin musherroom feäce,  
     Wi' their bodies so sumple as dough.  
 But a man is a-meäde ov a child,  
     An' his limbs do grow worksome by play;  
 An' if the young child's little body 's a-spwil'd,  
     Why, the man's wull the sooner decaÿ.  
 But wealth is wo'th now mwore than health is wo'th;  
     Let it all goo,  
 If't 'ull bring but a sov'rèn or two.



Vor to breed the young fox or the heäre,  
 We can gi'e up whole eäcres o' ground,  
 But the greens be a-grudg'd, vor to rear  
 Our young childern up healthy an' sound,  
 Why, ther' woont be a-left the next age  
 A green spot where their veet can goo free ;  
 An' the goocoo wull soon be committed to cage  
 Vor a trespass in zomebody's tree.  
 Vor 'tis lockèn up, Thomas, an' blockèn up,  
 Stranger or brother,  
 Men mussen come nigh oone another.

Oone day I went in at a geäte,  
 Wi' my chile, where an echo did sound,  
 An' the owner come up an' did reäte  
 Me as if I would car off his ground.  
 But his yieid an' the grass wer' a-let,  
 An' the damage that he could a-took  
 Wer' at mwost that the while I did open the geäte  
 I did rub roun' the eye on the hook.  
 But 'tis drevèn out, Thomas, an' hevèn out.  
 Trample noo grounds,  
 Unless you be a'ter the hounds.

Ah, the Squiër o' Culver-dell Hall  
 Wer' as diff'rent as light is vrom dark,  
 With zome vo'k that, as evenèn did vall,  
 Had a-broke droo long grass in his park;  
 Vor he went, wi' a smile, vor to meet  
 Wi' the trespassers while they did pass,  
 An 'e zaid, "I do fear you 'll catch cwold in your veet,  
 You 've a-walk'd droo so much o' my grass."  
 His mild words, Thomas, cut 'em lik' swords, Thomas,  
 Newly a-whet,  
 An' went vurder wi' them than a dret.

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#### THE RAILROAD.

I took a flight, awhile agoo,  
 Along the rails a stage or two,  
 An' while the heavy wheels did spin  
 An' rattle, wi' a deafnèn din,  
 In clouds o' steam, the zweepèn traïn  
 Did shoot along the hill-bound plain,  
 As sheädes o' birds in flight, do pass  
 Below em on the zunny grass.  
 An' as I zot, and look'd abroad  
 On leänen land an' windèn road,

The ground a-spread along our flight  
 Vled streamèn backward out o' zight ;  
 The while the zun, our heav'nly guide,  
 Seem'd ridèn wi' us, zide by zide.  
 An' zoo, while time, vrom stage to stage,  
 Do car us on vrom youth to age,  
 The e'thly pleasures we do vind  
 Be soon a-met, an' left behind ;  
 But God, beholdèn vrom above  
 Our lowly road, wi' yearnèn love,  
 Do keep bezide us, stage by stage,  
 Vrom be'th to youth, vrom youth to age.



#### THE RAILROAD.

An' while I went 'ithin a traïn,  
 A-ridèn on athirt the plain,  
 A-cleärèn swifter than a hound,  
 On twin-laid rails, the zwimmèn ground ;  
 I cast my eyes 'ithin a park,  
 Upon a woak wi' grey-white bark,  
 An' while I kept his head my mark,  
 The rest seem'd wheelèn round en.

An' when in life our love do cling  
 The elwosest round zome single thing,  
 We then do vind that all the rest  
 Do wheel roun' that, vor vu'st an' best ;  
 Zoo while our life do laeste, mid nought  
 But what is good an' feair be sought,  
 In word or deed, or heart or thought,  
 An' all the rest wheel round it.



#### SEATS.

When starbright maïdens be to zit  
 In silken frocks, that they do wear,  
 The room mid have, as 'tis but fit,  
 A han'some seat vor vo'k so feair ;  
 But we, in zundried vield an' wood,  
 Ha' seats as good 's a goolden chair.

Vor here, 'ithin the woody drong,  
 A ribbèd elem-stem do lie,  
 A-vell'd in spring, an' stratch'd along  
 A bed o' greygles up knee-high,  
 A sheädy seat to rest, an' let  
 The burnèn het o' noon goo by.

Or if you 'd look, wi' wider scope,  
 Out where the gray-tree'd plain do spread,  
 The ash beside the zunny slope,  
 Do sheäde a cool-air'd deäisy bed,  
 An' grassy seat, wi' spreadèn eaves  
 O' rus'lèn leaves, above your head.

An' there the traïn mid come in zight,  
 Too vur to hear a-rollèn by,  
 A-breathèn quick, in heästy flight,  
 His breath o' twile, avore the sky,  
 The while the waggon, wi' his lwoad,  
 Do crawl the rwoad a-windèn nigh.

Or now theäse happy holidae  
 Do let vo'k rest their weäry lim's,  
 An' lwoaded hay's a-hangèn grae,  
 Above the waggon-wheels' dry rims,  
 The meäd ha' seats in weäles or pooks,  
 By windèn brooks, wi' crumblèn brims.

Or, if you 'd gi'e your thoughtvul mind  
 To yonder long-vorseäken hall,  
 Then teäke a stwonèn seat behind  
 The ivy on the broken wall,  
 An' larn how e'thly wealth an' might  
 Mid clim' their height, an' then mid vall.

## SOUND O' WATER.

I born in town! oh, no, my dawn  
 O' life vu'st broke bezide theäse lawn;  
 Not where pent air do roll along,  
 In darkness droo the wall-bound drong,  
 An' never bring the goo-coo's zong,  
 Nor sweets o' blossoms in the hedge,  
 Or bendèn rush, or sheenèn zedge,  
 Or sounds o' flowèn water.

The air that I've a-breath'd did sheäke  
 The draps o' rain upon the breäke,  
 An' bore aloft the swingèn lark,  
 An' huffl'd roun' the elem's bark,  
 In boughy grove, an' woody park,  
 An' bro't us down the dewy dells,  
 The high-wound zongs o' nightingeäles,  
 An' sounds o' flowèn water.

An' when the zun wi' vi'ry rim,  
 'S a-zinkèn low, an' wearèn dim,  
 Here I, a-most too tired to stand,  
 Do leäve my work that's under hand

In paethless wood, or open land,  
 To rest 'ithin my thatchèn oves,  
 Wi' ruslèn win's in leafy groves,  
 An' sounds o' flowèn water.



### TREES BE COMPANY.

When zummer's burnèn het's a-shed  
 Upon the droopèn grasses head,  
 A-drevèn under sheädy leaves  
 The workvo'k in their snow-white sleeves,  
 We then mid yearn to clim' the height,  
     Where thorns be white, above the vern;  
 An' air do turn the zunsheen's might  
     To softer light too weak to burn—  
     On woodless downs we mid be free,  
     But lowland trees be company.

Though downs mid show a wider view  
 O' green a-reachèn into blue  
 Than roads a-windèn in the glen,  
 An' ringèn wi' the sounds o' men;  
 The thistle's crown o' red an' blue  
     In Fall's cwold dew do wither brown,

An' larks come down 'ithin the lew,  
 As storms do brew, an' skies do frown—  
 And though the down do let us free,  
 The lowland trees be company.

Where birds do zing, below the zun,  
 In trees above the blue-smok'd tun,  
 An' sheädes o' stems do auverstratch  
 The mossy paeth 'ithin the hatch;  
 If leaves be bright up auver head,  
     When Maÿ do shed its glitt'rèn light;  
 Or, in the blight o' Fall, do spread  
     A yollor bed avore our zight—  
     Whatever season it mid be,  
     The trees be always company.

When dusky night do nearly hide  
 The paeth along the hedge's zide,  
 An' daelight's hwomely sounds be still  
 But sounds o' water at the mill;  
 Then if noo feäce we long'd to greet  
     Could come to meet our lwonesome treäce;  
 Or if noo peäce o' weary veet,  
     However fleet, could reach its pleäce—  
     However lwonesome we mid be,  
     The trees would still be company.



## A PLEACE IN ZIGHT.

As I at work do look aroun'  
 Upon the groun' I have in view,  
 To yonder hills that still do rise  
 Avore the skies, wi' backs o' blue ;  
 'Ithin the rudges that do vall  
 An' rise roun' Blackmwore lik' a wall,  
 'Tis yonder knap do teäke my zight  
 Vrom dawn till night, the mwest of all.

An' there, in Maÿ, 'ithin the lewth  
 O' boughs in blooth, be sheädy walks,  
 An' cowslips up in yollor beds  
 Do hang their heads on downy stalks ;  
 An' if the weather should be feäir  
 When I've a holiday to speäre,  
 I'll teäke the chance o' gettèn droo  
 An hour or two wi' zome vo'k there.

An' there I now can dimly zee  
 The elem-tree upon the mound,  
 An' there meäke out the high-bough'd grove  
 An' narrow drove by Redcliff ground ;

An' there by trees a-risèn tall,  
 The glowèn zunlight now do vall,  
 Wi' shortest sheädes o' middle dae,  
 Upon the grae wold house's wall.

An' I can zee avore the sky  
 A-risèn high the churches speer,  
 Wi' bells that I do goo to swing,  
 An' like to ring, an' like to hear;  
 An' if I 've luck upon my zide,  
 They bells shall sound both loud an' wide,  
 A peal above they slopes o' grae,  
 Zome merry dae wi' Jeäne a bride.



#### GWAIN TO BROOKWELL.

At Easter, though the wind wer' high,  
 We vound we had a zunny sky,  
 An' zoo wold Dobbin had to trudge,  
 His dowsty road by knap an' brudge,  
 An' jog, wi' hangèn vetterlocks  
 A-sheäkèn roun' his heavy hocks,  
 An' we, a lwoad not much too small,  
 A-ridèn out to Brookwell Hall;

An' there in dowst vrom Dobbin's heels,  
 An' green light-waggon's vower wheels,  
 Our merry laefs did loudly sound,  
 In rollèn winds athirt the ground;  
 While sheenèn-ribbons' color'd streäks  
 Did flutter roun' the maïdens' cheäks,  
 As they did zit, wi' smilèn lips,  
 A-reachèn out their vinger-tips  
 Toward zome teäkèn pleäce or zight  
 That they did shew us, left or right;  
 An' oonce, when Jimmy tried to pleäce  
 A kiss on cousin Polly's feäce,  
 She push'd his hat, wi' wicked leers,  
 Right off above his two red ears,  
 An' there 'e roll'd along the groun'  
 Wi' spreadèn brim an' rounded crown,  
 An' voun', at laeste, a cowpon's brim,  
 An' launch'd hizzelf, to teäke a zwim;  
 An' there, as Jim did run to catch  
 His neäked noddle's bit o' thatch,  
 To zee his strainèn and his strides,  
 We laef'd enough to split our zides.  
 At Harwood Farm we pass'd the land  
 That our gert-granfer had in hand,  
 An' there, in open light did spread,  
 The very groun's his cows did tread,

An' there above the stwonèn tun  
 Avore the dazzlèn mornèn zun,  
 Wer' still the rollèn smoke, the breath  
 A-breath'd vrom his wold house's he'th ;  
 An' there did lie below the door,  
 The drashol' that his vootsteps wore ;  
 But there his meäte an' he bwoth died,  
 Wi' hand in hand, an' zide by zide ;  
 Between the seäme two peals a-rung,  
 Two Zundays, though they wer' but young,  
 An' laid in sleep, their worksome hands,  
 At rest vrom twile wi' house or lands.  
 Then vower childern laid their heads  
 At night upon their little beds,  
 An' never rose ageän below  
 A mother's love, or fäether's ho :  
 Dree little maïdens, small in feäce,  
 An' oone small bwoy, the fourth in pleäce.  
 Zoo when their heedvul fäether died,  
 He call'd his brother to his zide,  
 To meäke en stand, in hiz own stead,  
 His childern's guide, when he wer' dead ;  
 But still avore zix years bro't round  
 The woodland goo-coo's zummer sound,  
 He weästed all their little store,  
 An' hardship drove em out o' door,

To twile till twilesome life should end,  
 'Ithout a single e'thly friend.  
 But soon wi' Harwood back behind,  
 An' out o' zight and out o' mind,  
 We went a-rottlèn on, and meäde  
 Our way along to Brookweel Sleäde ;  
 An' then we vound ourselves draw nigh  
 The Leädy's Tow'r that rose on high,  
 An' seem'd a-comèn on to meet,  
 Wi' growèn height, wold Dobbin's veet.



#### BROOKWELL.

Well, I do zae 'tis wo'th oone's while  
 To beät the doust a good six mile  
 To zee the pleäce the squier plann'd  
 At Brookwell, now a-meäde by hand ;  
 Wi' open lawn, an' grove, an' pon',  
 An' gravel-walks as cleän as bron ;  
 An' grass amost so soft to tread  
 As velvet-pile o' silken dred ;  
 An' mounds wi' mæsh, an' rocks wi' flow'rs,  
 An' ivy-sheäded zummer bow'rs,

An' water dribblèn on below  
 The stwonèn archès lofty bow.  
 An' there do sound the waterfall  
 Below a cavern's mæsby wall,  
 Where peäle-green light do struggle down  
 A leafy crevice at the crown.  
 An' there do gush the foamy bow  
 O' water, white as driven snow ;  
 An' there, a zittèn all alwone,  
 A little maïd o' marble stwone  
 Do leän her little cheäk azide  
 Upon her lily han', an' bide  
 Bezide the vallèn stream to zee  
 Her pitcher vill'd avore her knee.  
 An' then the brook, a-rollèn dark  
 Below a leänèn yew-tree's bark,  
 Wi' play'some ripples that do run  
 A-flashèn to the western zun,  
 Do shoot, at laeste, wi' foamy shocks,  
 Athirt a ledge o' craggy rocks,  
 A-castèn in his heästy flight,  
 Upon the stwones a robe o' white ;  
 An' then ageän do goo an' vall  
 Below a brudge's archèd wall,  
 Where vo'k agwaïn athirt do pass  
 Vow'r little bwoys a-cast in brass ;

An' oone do hold his angler's wand,  
 Wi' steady hand, above the pond ;  
 An' oone, a-pweintèn to the stream  
 His little vinger-tip, do seem  
 A-showèn to his playmeätes' eyes,  
 Where he do zee the vishes rise ;  
 An' oone ageän, wi' smilèn lips,  
 Do put a vish his han' do clips  
 'Ithin a little basket, tied  
 About his shoulder at his zide :  
 An' a'ter that the fourth do stand  
 A-holdèn back his pretty hand,  
 Behind his little ear, to drow  
 A stwone upon the stream below.  
 An' then the housèn, that be all  
 Sich pretty hwomes, vrom gert to small,  
 A-lookèn south, do cluster round  
 A zunny ledge o' risèn ground,  
 Avore a wood, a-nestled warm,  
 In lewth ageän the northern storm,  
 Where smoke, a-wreäthèn blue, do spread  
 Above the tuns o' dusky red,  
 An' windor-peänes do glitter bright  
 Wi' burnèn streams o' zummer light,  
 Below the vine a-train'd to hem  
 Their zides 'ithin his leafy stem,

An' wrangle on, wi' flutt'rèn leaves,  
 Below the houses' thatchè eaves.  
 An' droo a lawn a-spread avore  
 The windors, an' the pworchèd door,  
 A paeth do wind 'ithin a hatch,  
 A-vastèn'd wi' a clickèn latch,  
 An' there up auver ruff an' tun,  
 Do stan' the smooth-wall'd church o' stwone,  
 Wi' carvèd windors reachèn tall  
 An' slender up the lofty wall;  
 An' battlements, a-stannèn round  
 The tower, ninety veet vrom ground,  
 Vrom where a teäp'rèn speer do spring  
 As high 's the mornèn lark do zing.  
 Zoo I do zae 'tis wo'th oone's while  
 To beät the doust a good six mile,  
 To zee the pleäce the squier plann'd  
 At Brookwell, now a-meäde by hand.

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### THE SHY MAN.

Ah, good Meäster Gwillet, that you mid a-know'd,  
 Wer' a-bred up at Coom, an' went little abroad;  
 An' if 'e got in among strangers, 'e velt  
 His poor heart in a twitter, an' ready to melt;



Or if, by ill luck, in his rambles, 'e met  
 Wi' zome maïdens a-titt'rèn, 'e burn'd wi' a het,  
 That shot all droo the lim's o'n, an' left a cwold zweet.  
     The poor little chap wer' so shy,  
     He wer' ready to drap, an' to die.

But at laest 'twer' the lot o' the poor little man,  
 To vall deeply in love, as the best ov us can ;  
 An' 'twer' noo easy task vor a shy man to tel;  
 Sich a dazzlèn feàir maïd that 'e lov'd her so well ;  
 An' oone dae when 'e met her, his knees nearly smote  
 Oone anothor, an' then wi' a struggle he brote  
 A vew words to his tongue, wi' some mwore in his droat.  
     But she, 'ithout doubt, could zoon vind,  
     Vrom two words that come out, zix behind.

Zoo at langth, when 'e vound her so smilèn an' kind,  
 Why 'e wrote her zome laïns, vor to tell her his mind,  
 Though 'twer' then a hard task vor a man that wer' shy,  
 To be married in church, wi' a crowd stannèn by.  
 But 'e twold her oone dae, " I have houses an' lands,  
 We could marry by licence, if you don't like banns,"  
 An' 'e cover'd his eyes up, wi' oone ov his han's,  
     Vor his head seem'd to zwim as he spoke,  
     An' the àir look'd so dim as a smoke.

Well! 'e vound a good naighbour to goo in his pleâce  
 Vor to buy the goold ring, vor he hadden the feâce.  
 An' when 'e went up vor to put in the banns,  
 'E did sheäke in his lags, an' did sheäke in his han's.  
 Then they ax'd vor her neäme, an' her parish or town,  
 An' 'e gied em a leaf, wi' her neäme a-wrote down;  
 Vor 'e cooden a-twold em outright, vor a poun'.  
     Vor his tongue wer' so weak an' so loose,  
     When 'e wanted to speak 'twer' noo use.

Zoo they went to be married, an' when they got there,  
 All the vo'k wer' a-gather'd as if 'twer' a feäir,  
 An' 'e thought, though his pleâce mid be pleasant to zome,  
 He cood all but ha' wish'd that he hadden a-come.  
 The bride wer' a-smilèn as fresh as a rwose,  
 An' when 'e come wi' her, an' show'd his poor nose,  
 All the little bwoys shouted, an' cried "There 'e goes,"  
     "There 'e goes." Oh! vor his peärt 'e velt  
     As if the poor heart o'n would melt.

An' when they stood up by the chancel together,  
 Oh! a man mid ha' knock'd en right down wi' a veather,  
 'E did veel zoo asheäm'd that 'e thought 'e would rather  
 He wërden the bridegroom, but only the father.  
 But, though 'tis so funny to zee en so shy,

Eet his mind is so lowly, his aïms be so high,  
 That to do a meän deed, or to tell oone a lie,  
     You'd vind that he'd shun mwore by haef,  
 Than to stan' vor vo'ks fun, or their laef.



#### THE WINTER'S WILLOW.

There Liddy zot beside her cow,  
     Upon her lowly seat, O ;  
 A hood did auverhang her brow,  
     Her päil wer' at her veet, O ;  
 An' she wer' kind, an' she wer' feäir,  
 An' she wer' young, an' free o' ceäre ;  
 Vew winters had a-blown her heäir,  
     Beside the Winter's Willow.

She wërden rear'd 'ithin the town,  
     Where many a gaÿer lass, O,  
 Do trip a-smilèn up an' down,  
     So peäle wi' smoke an' gas, O ;  
 But here, in vields o' greäzèn herds,  
 Her väice ha' mingled sweetest words  
 Wi' evenèn cheärms o' busy birds,  
     Beside the Winter's Willow.

An' when, at laste, wi' beàtèn breast,  
 I knock'd avore her door, O,  
 She ax'd me in to teäke the best  
 O' pleäces on the vloor, O ;  
 An' smilèn feäir avore my zight,  
 She blush'd beside the yollor light  
 O' bleazèn bran's, while winds o' night  
 Did sheäke the Winter's Willow.

An' if there 's readship in her smile,  
 She don't begrudge to speäre, O,  
 To zomebody, a little while,  
 The empty woaken chair, O ;  
 An' if I 've luck upon my zide,  
 Why, I do think she 'll be my bride  
 Avore the leaves ha' twice a-died  
 Upon the Winter's Willow.

Above the coach-wheels' rollèn rims  
 She never rose to ride, O,  
 Though she do zet her comely lim's  
 Above the mare's white zide, O ;  
 But don't become too proud to stoop  
 An' scrub her milkèn-pail's white hoop,  
 Or zit a-milkèn where do droop,  
 The wet-stemm'd Winter's Willow.

An' I've a cow or two in leäze,  
 Along the river-zide, O,  
 An' pails to zet avore her knees,  
 At dawn, and evenèn tide, O ;  
 An' there she still mid zit, an' look  
 Athirt upon the woody nook  
 Where vu'st I zeed her by the brook,  
 Bezide the Winter's Willow.

Zoo, who would heed the treeless down,  
 A-beät by all the storms, O,  
 Or who would heed the busy town,  
 Where vo'k do goo in swarms, O,  
 If he wer' in my house below  
 The elems, where the vire did glow  
 In Liddy's feäce, though winds did blow  
 Ageän the Winter's Willow.

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#### I KNOW WHO.

Aye, aye, vull rathe the zun mus' rise  
 To meäke us tired o' zunny skies,  
 A-sheenèn on the whole day droo,  
 From mornèn's dawn till evenèn's dew.  
 When trees be brown an' meäds be green,  
 An' skies be blue, an' streams do sheen,

An' thin-edg'd clouds be snowy white  
 Above the bluest hills in zight ;  
 But I can let the daylight goo,  
 When I've a-met wi'—I know who.

In spring I met her by a bed  
 O' laurels higher than her head ;  
 The while a rowse hung white between  
 Her blushes an' the laurel's green ;  
 An' then in fall, I went along  
 The row of elems in the drong,  
 An' heard her zing beside the cows,  
 By yollor leaves o' meäple boughs ;  
 But fall or spring is feär to view  
 When day do bring me—I know who.

An' when, wi' winter comèn roun',  
 The purple heath's a-feädèn brown,  
 An' hangèn vern's a-sheäkèn dead,  
 Beside the hill's besheäded head ;  
 An' black-wing'd rooks do glitter bright  
 Above my head, in peäler light ;  
 Then though the birds do still the glee  
 That soundèd in the zummer tree,  
 My heart is light the winter droo,  
 In me'th at night, wi'—I know who.

## JESSIE LEE.

Above the timber's bendèn shouds,  
 The western wind did softly blow ;  
 An' up above the knap, the clouds  
 Did ride as white as driven snow.  
 Vrom west to east the clouds did zwim,  
 Wi' wind that plied the elem's lim' ;  
 Vrom west to east the stream did glide,  
 A-sheenèn wide, wi' windèn brim.

How feäir, I thought, avore the sky  
 The slowly-zwimmèn clouds do look ;  
 How soft the win's a-streamèn by ;  
 How bright do roll the weävy brook :  
 When there, a-passèn on my right,  
 A-walkèn slow, an' treaddèn light,  
 Young Jessie Lee come by, an' there  
 Took all my ceäre, an' all my zight.

Vor lovely wer' the looks her feäce  
 Held up avore the western sky :  
 An' comely wer' the steps her peäce  
 Did meäke a-walkèn slowly by :

But I went east, wi' beàtèn breast,  
 Wi' wind, an' cloud, an' brook, vor rest,  
 Where rest wer' lost, vor Jessie gone  
 So lovely on, toward the west.

Blow on, O winds, athirt the hill;  
 Zwim on, O clouds; O waters vall,  
 Down maeshy rocks, vrom mill to mill;  
 I now can awverlook ye all.  
 But roll, O zun, an' bring to me  
 My day, if such a day there be,  
 When zome dear paeth to my abode  
 Shall be the road o' Jessie Lee.

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#### TRUE LOVE.

As evenèn àir, in green-treed spring,  
 Do sheäke the new-sprung pa'sley bed,  
 An' wither'd ash-tree keys do swing  
 An' vall a-flutt'rèn roun' our head :  
 There, while the birds do zing their zong  
 In bushes down the ash-tree drong,  
 Come Jessie Lee, vor sweet 's the pleäce  
 Your vaice an' feäce can meäke vor me.



Below the buddèn ashes' height  
 We there can linger in the lew,  
 While boughs, a-gilded by the light,  
 Do sheen avore the sky o' blue :  
 But there by zettèn zun, or moon  
 A-risèn, time will vlee too soon  
 Wi' Jessie Lee, vor sweet 's the pleâce  
 Her vaice an' feâce can meäke vor me.

Down where the darksome brook do flow,  
 Below the brudge's archèd wall,  
 Wi' alders dark, a-leänèn low,  
 Above the gloomy waterfall ;  
 There I 've a-led ye hwome at night,  
 Wi' noo feâce else 'ithin my zight  
 But yours so feäir, an' sweet 's the pleâce  
 Your vaice an' feâce ha' meäde me there.

An' oh ! when other years do come,  
 An' zettèn zuns, wi' yollor gleäre,  
 Droo western windor-peänes, at hwome,  
 Do light upon my evenèn chair :  
 While dae do weäne, an' dew do vall,  
 Be wi' me then, or else in call,  
 As time do vlee, vor sweet 's the pleâce  
 Your vaice an' feâce do meäke vor me.

Ah! you do smile, a-thinkèn light  
 O' my true words, but never mind;  
 Smile on, smile on, but still your flight  
 Would leäve me little jaÿ behind:  
 But let me not be zoo a-trie'd  
 Wi' you a-lost where I do bide;  
 O Jessie Lee, in any pleäce  
 Your vaice an' feäce ha' blest vor me.

I'm sure that when a soul's a-brought  
 To this our life ov air an' land,  
 Oone mwore's a-mark'd in God's good thought,  
 To help, wi' love, his heart an' hand.  
 An' oh! if there should be in store  
 An angel here vor my poor door,  
 'Tis Jessie Lee, vor sweet's the pleäce  
 Her vaice an' feäce can meäke vor me.



#### THE BEAN FIELD.

'Twer' where the zun did warm the lewth,  
 An' win<sup>t</sup> did whiver in the sheäde,  
 The sweet-air'd beäns were out in blooth,  
 Down there 'ithin the elem gleäde;

A yollor-banded bee did come,  
 An' softly pitch, wi' hushèn hum,  
 Upon a beän, an' there did sip,  
 Upon a swayèn blossom's lip :  
 An' there cried he, "Aye, I can zee,  
 This blossom 's all a-zent vor me."

A-jilted up an' down, astride  
 Upon a lofty hoss a-trot,  
 The meäster then come by wi' pride,  
 To zee the beäns that he 'd a-got ;  
 An' as he zot upon his hoss,  
 The hoss ageän did snort an' toss  
 His high-ear'd head, an' at the zight  
 Ov all the blossom, black an' white :  
 "Ah ! ah !" thought he, the seäme 's the bee,  
 "These beäns be all a-zent vor me."

Zoo let the worold's riches breed  
 A strife o' cläims, wi' weak an' strong,  
 Vor now what cause have I to heed  
 Who 's in the right, or in the wrong ;  
 Since there do come droo yonder hatch,  
 An' bloom below the house's thatch,  
 The best o' mäidens, an' do own  
 That she is mine, an' mine alwone :

Zoo I can zee that love do gi'e  
The best ov all good gifts to me.

Vor whose be all the crops an' land  
A-won an' lost, an' bought, an' zwold ;  
Or whose, a-roll'd vrom hand to hand,  
The highest money that 's a-twold ?  
Vrom oone to t'other passèn on,  
'Tis here to-day, to-morrow gone.  
But there 's a blessèn high above  
It all—a soul o' stedvast love :  
Zoo let it vlee, if God do gi'e  
Sweet Jessie vor a gift to me.



#### WOLD FRIENDS A-MET.

Aye, vull my heart's blood now do roll,  
An' gay do rise my happy soul,  
An' well they mid, vor here our veet  
Avore oone vier ageän do meet ;  
Vor you 've avoun' my feäce, to greet  
Wi' welcome words my startlèn ear.  
An' who be you, but John o' Weer,  
An' I, but William Wellburn.

Here, light a candle up, to shed  
 Mwore light upon a wold friend's head,  
 An' show the smile, his feäce oonce mwore  
 Ha' bro't us vrom another shore.  
 An' I 'll heave on a brand avore  
 The vier-back, to meäke good cheer,  
 O' roarèn fleämes, vor John o' Weer  
 To chat wi' William Wellburn.

Aye, aye, it mid be true that zome,  
 When they do wander out vrom hwome,  
 Do leäve their nearest friends behind,  
 Bwoth out o' zight, and out o' mind;  
 But John an' I ha' ties to bind  
 Our souls together, vur or near,  
 For, who is he but John o' Weer,  
 An' I, but William Wellburn.

Look, there he is, with twinklèn eyes,  
 An' elbows down upon his thighs,  
 A-chucklèn low, wi' merry grin.  
 Though time ha' roughen'd up his chin,  
 'Tis still the seäme true soul 'ithin,  
 As oonce I know'd, when year by year,  
 Thik very chap, thik John o' Weer,  
 Did play wi' William Wellburn.

Come, John, come; don't be dead-alive  
 Here, reach us out your clust'r o' vive.  
 Oh! you be happy. Eees, but that  
 Woont do till you can laef an' chat.  
 Don't blinky, lik' a purrèn cat,  
 But leäp an' laef, an' let vo'k hear  
 What 's happen'd, min, that John o' Weer  
 Ha' met wi' William Wellburn.

Vor zome, wi' selfishness too strong  
 Vor love, do do each other wrong;  
 An' zome do wrangle an' divide  
 In hets ov anger, bred o' pride;  
 But who do think that time or tide  
 Can breed ill-will in friends so dear,  
 As William wer' to John o' Weer,  
 An' John to William Wellburn?

If other vo'ks do gleen to zee  
 How lovèn an' how glad we be,  
 What, then, poor souls, they had but vew  
 Sich happy daes, so long agoo,  
 As thae that I've a-spent wi' you;  
 But they'd hold oone another dear,  
 If oone o' them wer John o' Weer,  
 An' t'other William Wellburn.

## FIFEHEAD.

'Twer' where my fondest thoughts do light,  
 At Fifehead, while we spent the night;  
 The millwheel's restèn rim wer' dry,  
 An' houn's held up their evenèn cry;  
 An' lofty, droo the midnight sky,  
 Above the vo'k, wi' heavy heads,  
 Asleep upon their darksome beds,  
 The stars were all awake, John.

Noo birds o' dae wer' out to spread  
 Their wings above the gully's bed,  
 An' darkness roun' the elem-tree  
 'D a-still'd the charmy childern's glee.  
 All he'ths wer' cwold but oone, where we  
 Wer' gay, 'tis true, but gay an' wise,  
 An' læf'd in light o' maïden's eyes,  
 That glissen'd wide awake, John.

An' when we all, lik' loosen'd hounds,  
 Broke out o' doors, wi' merry sounds,  
 Our friends among the playsome team,  
 All brought us gwäin so vur's the stream,

But Jeāne, that there below a gleam  
 O' light watch'd oone o's out o' zight;  
 Vor willènly, vor his "Good night,"  
 She'd longer bide awake, John.

An' while up *Leighs* we stepp'd along  
 Our grassy paeth, wi' joke an' zong,  
 There *Plumber*, wi' its woody ground,  
 O' slopèn knaps a-screen'd around,  
 Rose dim 'ithout a breath o' sound,  
 The wold abode o' squiers a-gone,  
 Though while they lay a-sleepèn on,  
 Their stars wer' still awake, John.

~~~~~

#### IVY HALL.

If I've a-stream'd below a storm,  
 An' not a-velt the raïn,  
 An' if I ever velt me warm,  
 In snow upon the pläin,  
 'Twer' when, as evenèn skies wer' dim,  
 An' vields below my eyes wer' dim,  
 I went alwone at evenèn-fall,  
 Athirt the vields to Ivy Hall.



I voun' the wind upon the hill,  
 Laest night, a-roarèn loud,  
 An' rubbèn boughs a-creakèn shill  
 Upon the ashes' shoud ;  
 But oh ! the reelèn copse mid groan,  
 An' timber's lofty tops mid groan ;  
 The hufflèn winds be music all,  
 Bezide my road to Ivy Hall.

A sheädy grove o' ribbèd woaks,  
 Is Wootton's shelter'd nest,  
 An' woaks do keep the winter's strokes  
 Vrom Knapton's evenèn rest.  
 An' woaks ageän wi' bossy stems,  
 An' elems wi' their mossy stems,  
 Do rise to screen the leafy wall  
 An' stwonèn ruf ov Ivy Hall.

The darksome clouds mid fling their sleet,  
 An' vrost mid pinch me blue,  
 Or snow mid cling below my veet,  
 An' hide my road vrom view.  
 The winter's only jaÿ ov heart,  
 An' storms do mëake me gaÿ ov heart,  
 When I do rest, at evenèn-fall,  
 Bezide the he'th ov Ivy Hall.

There leafy stems do clim' around  
 The mossy stwonèn eaves ;  
 An' there the windor-zides be bound  
 Wi' quiv'rèn ivy-leaves.  
 But though the sky is dim 'ithout,  
 An' feäces mid be grim 'ithout,  
 Still I ha' smiles when I do call,  
 At evenèn-tide, at Ivy Hall.

~~~~~  
 FALSE FRIENDS-LIKE.

When I wer' still a bwoy, an' mother's pride,  
 A bigger bwoy spoke up to me so kind-like,  
 "If you do like, I 'll treat ye wi' a ride  
 In theäse wheel-barrow here." Zoo I wer' blind-like  
 To what 'e had a-workèn in his mind-like,  
 An' mounted vor a passenger inside ;  
 An' comèn to a puddle, perty wide,  
 He tipp'd me in, a-grinnèn back behind-like.  
 Zoo when a man do come to me so thick-like,  
 An' sheäke my hand, where oonce 'e pass'd me by,  
 An' tell me he would do me this or that,  
 I can't help thinkèn o' the big bwoy's trick-like.  
 An' then, vor all I can but wag my hat  
 An' thank 'en, I do veel a little shy.

## THE BACHELOR.

No! I don't begrudge en his life,  
 Nor his goold, nor his housen, nor lands;  
 Teäke all o't, an' gi'e me my wife,  
 A wife's be the cheapest ov hands.  
 Lie alwone! sigh alwone! die alwone!  
 Then be vorgot.  
 No! I be content wi' my lot.

Ah! where be the vingers so feäir,  
 Vor to pat en so soft on the feäce,  
 To mend ev'ry stitch that do tear,  
 An' keep ev'ry button in pleäce?  
 Crack a-tore! brack a-tore! back a-tore!  
 Buttons a-vled!  
 Vor want ov a wife wi' her dred.

Ah! where is the sweet-perty head  
 That do nod till he's gone out o' zight?  
 An' where be the white eärms a-spread,  
 To show en he's welcome at night?  
 Dine alwone! pine alwone! whine alwone!  
 Oh! what a life!  
 I'll have a friend in a wife.

An' when vrom a meetèn o' me'th  
 Each husban' do leäd hwome his bride,  
 Then he do slink hwome to his he'th,  
 Wi' his eärm hangèn down his cwold zide.  
 Slinkèn on ! blinkèn on ! thinkèn on !  
 Gloomy an' glum ;  
 Nothèn but dullness to come.

An' when 'e do onlock his door,  
 Do rumble as hollor's a drum,  
 An' the veäries a-hid roun' the vloor,  
 Do grin vor to zee en so glum.  
 Keep alwone ! sleep alwone ! weep alwone !  
 There let en bide,  
 I 'll have a wife at my zide.

But when he 's a-laid on his bed  
 In a zickness, O, what wull he do !  
 Vor the hands that would lift up his head,  
 An' sheäke up his pillor anew.  
 Ills to come ! pills to come ! bills to come !  
 Noo soul to sheäre  
 The trials the poor wratch must bear.



## MARRIED PEAIR'S LOVE WALK.

Come let 's goo down the grove to-night ;  
 The moon is up, 'tis all so light  
 As day, an' win' do blow enough  
 To sheäke the leaves, but tiddèn rough.  
 Come, Esther, teäke, vor wold time's seäke,  
 Your hooded cloke, that 's on the pin,  
 An' wrap up warm, an' teäke my eärm,  
 You 'll vind it better out than in.  
 Come, Etty dear ; come out o' door,  
 An' teäke a sweetheart's walk oonce mwore.

How charmèn to our very souls,  
 Wer' oonce your evenèn maïden strolls,  
 The while the zettèn zunlight dyed  
 Wi' red the beeches' western zide,  
 But back avore your vinger wore  
 The weddèn ring that 's now so thin ;  
 An' you did sheäre a mother's ceäre,  
 To watch an' call ye eärlly in.  
 Come, Etty dear ; come out o' door,  
 An' teäke a sweetheart's walk oonce mwore.

An' then, ageän, when you could slight  
 The clock a-strikèn leäte at night,  
 The while the moon, wi' risèn rim,  
 Did light the beeches' eastern lim'.  
 When I'd a-bound your vinger round  
 Wi' thik goold ring that 's now so thin,  
 An' you had nwone but me alwone  
 To teäke ye leäte or eärly in.  
 Come, Etty dear; come out o' door,  
 An' teäke a sweetheart's walk oonce mwore.

But often when the western zide  
 O' trees did glow at even-tide,  
 Or when the leäter moon did light  
 The beeches' eastern boughs at night,  
 An' in the grove, where vo'k did rove,  
 The crumpled leaves did vlee an' spin,  
 You couddèn sheäre the pleasure there :  
 Your work or childern kept ye in.  
 Come, Etty dear; come out o' door,  
 An' teäke a sweetheart's walk oonce mwore.

But ceäres that zunk your oval chin  
 Ageän your bosom's lily skin,  
 Vor all they meäde our life so black,  
 Be now a-lost behind our back.

Zoo never mwope, in midst of hope,  
 To slight our blessèns would be sin.  
 Ha! ha! well done, now this is fun;  
 When you do like I 'll bring ye in.  
 Here, Etty dear; here, out o' door,  
 We'll teäke a sweetheart's walk oonce mwore.

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 A WIFE A-PRAISED.

'Twer' Maÿ, but ev'ry leaf wer' dry  
 All day below a sheenèn sky;  
 The zun did glow wi' yollor gleäre,  
 An' cowslips blow wi' yollor gleäre,  
 Wi' greygles' bells a-droopèn low,  
 An' bremble boughs a-stoopèn low;  
 While culvers in the trees did coo  
 Above the vallèn dew.

An' there, wi' heär o' glossy black,  
 Bezide your neck an' down your back,  
 You rambled gay a-bloomèn feär,  
 By boughs o' maÿ a-bloomèn feär;  
 An' while the birds did twitter nigh,  
 An' water weäves did glitter nigh,  
 You gather'd cowslips in the lew,  
 Below the vallèn dew.

An' now, while you've a-been my bride  
 As years o' flow'rs ha' bloom'd an' died,  
 Your smilèn feâce ha' been my jaÿ;  
 Your soul o' greâce ha' been my jaÿ;  
 An' wi' my evenèn rest a-come,  
 An' zunsheen to the west a-come,  
 I'm glad to teäke my road to you  
     Vrom vields o' vallèn dew.

An' when the raïn do wet the maÿ,  
 A-bloomèn where we oonce did straÿ,  
 An' win' do blow along so vast,  
 An' streams do vlow along so vast;  
 Ageän the storms so rough abroad,  
 An' angry tongues so gruff abroad,  
 The love that I do meet vrom you  
     Is lik' the vallèn dew.

An' you be sprack's a bird on wing,  
 In search ov honey in the spring:  
 The dawn-red sky do meet ye up;  
 The birds vu'st cry do meet ye up;  
 An' wi' your feâce a-smilèn on,  
 An' busy hands a-twilèn on,  
 You'll vind zome useful work to do  
     Until the vallèn dew.



## THE WIFE A-LOST.

Since I noo mwore do zee your feäce;  
     Up steärs or down below,  
 I 'll zit me in the lwonesome pleäce,  
     Where flat-bough'd beech do grow :  
 Below the beeches' bough, my love,  
     Where you did never come,  
 An' I don't look to meet ye now,  
     As I do look at hwome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,  
     In walks in zummer het,  
 I 'll goo alwone where mist do ride,  
     Droo trees a-drippèn wet :  
 Below the raïn-wet bough, my love,  
     Where you did never come,  
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,  
     As I do grieve at hwome.

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard  
     Your vaice do never sound,  
 I 'll eat the bit I can avword,  
     A-vield upon the ground ;

Below the darksome bough, my love,  
 Where you did never dine,  
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,  
 As I at hwome do pine.

Since I do miss your vaice an' feäce  
 In prayär at eventide,  
 I'll pray wi' öone sad vaice vor greäce  
 To goo where you do bide ;  
 Above the tree an' bough, my love,  
 Where you be gone avore,  
 An' be a-waitèn vor me now,  
 To come vor evermwore.

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#### THE THORNS IN THE GEATE.

Ah ! Meäster Collins auvertook  
 Our knot o' vo'k a-stannèn still,  
 Laest Zunday, up on Ivy Hill,  
 To zee how strong the corn did look.  
 An' he stay'd back awhile an' spoke  
 A vew kind words to all the vo'k,  
 Vor good or joke, an' wi' a smile  
 Begun a-playèn wi' a chile.

The zull, wi' iron zide awry,  
 Had long a-vurrow'd up the vield ;  
 The heavy roller had a-wheel'd  
 It smooth vor showers vrom the sky ;  
 The bird-bwoy's cry, a-risèn shill,  
 An' clacker, had a-left the hill,  
 All bright but still, vor time alwone  
 To speed the work that han's had done.

Down droo the wind, a-blowèn keen,  
 Did gleäre the nearly cloudless sky,  
 An' corn in bleäde, up ancle-high,  
 'Ithin the geäte did quiver green ;  
 An' in the geäte a-lock'd there stood  
 A prickly row o' thornèn wood,  
 Vor vo'k vor food had done their best,  
 An' left to Spring to do the rest.

"The geäte," he cried, "a-seal'd wi' thorn  
 Vrom harmvul veet 's a-left to hold  
 The bleäde a-springèn vrom the mwold,  
 While God do ripen it to corn.  
 An' zoo in life let as vulvil  
 Whatever is our Meäker's will,  
 An' then bide still, wi' peacevul breast,  
 While He do manage all the rest.

## ANGELS BY THE DOOR.

Oh ! there be angels evermwore,  
 A-passèn onward by the door,  
 A-zent to teäke our jaÿs, or come  
 To bring us zome—O Meärianne.  
 Though doors be shut, an' bars be stout,  
 Noo bolted door can keep em out ;  
 But they wull leäve us ev'ry thing  
 They have to bring—My Meärianne.

An' zoo the daes a-stealèn by,  
 Wi' zuns a-ridèn droo the sky,  
 Do bring us things to leäve us sad,  
 Or meäke us glad—O Meärianne.  
 The dae that 's mild, the dae that 's stern,  
 Do teäke, in stillness, each his turn ;  
 An' evils at their wo'st mid mend,  
 Or even end—My Meärianne.

But still, if we can only bear  
 Wi' faïth an' love, our pain an' ceäre,  
 We shan't vind missèn jaÿ a-lost,  
 Though we be crost—O Meärianne.

But all a-car'd to heav'n, an' stow'd  
 Where we can't weäste em on the road,  
 As we do wander to an' fro,  
 Down here below—My Meärianne.

But there be jaÿs I'd soonest choose  
 To keep, vrom they that I must lose;  
 Thy worksome hands to help my twile,  
 Thy cheerful smile—O Meärianne.  
 The Zunday bells o' yander tow'r,  
 The moonlight sheädes o' my own bow'r,  
 An' rest avore our vier-zide,  
 At evenèn-tide—My Meärianne.

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#### VO'K A-COMEN INTO CHURCH.

The church do zeem a touchèn zight,  
 When vo'k, a-comèn in at door,  
 Do softly tread the long-äil'd vloer  
 Below the pillar'd arches' height,  
     Wi' bells a-pealèn,  
     Vo'k a-kneelèn,  
 Hearts a-healèn, wi' the love  
 An' peäce a-zent em vrom above.

An' there, wi' mild an' thoughtvul feäce,  
 Wi' downcast eyes, an' vaices dum',  
 The wold an' young do slowly come,  
 An' teäke in stillness each his pleäce,  
 A-zinkèn slowly,  
 Kneelèn lowly,  
 Seekèn holy thoughts alwone,  
 In pray'r avore their Meäker's throne.

An' there be sons in youthvul pride,  
 An' fäethers weak wi' years an' pain,  
 An' daeters in their mother's train,  
 The tall wi' smaller at their zide ;  
 Heads in murnèn  
 Never turnèn,  
 Cheäks a-burnèn, wi' the het  
 O' youth, an' eyes noo tears do wet.

There friends do settle, zide by zide,  
 The knower speechless to the known ;  
 Their vaice is there vor God alwone ;  
 To flesh an' blood their tongues be tied.  
 Grief a-wringèn,  
 Jaÿ a-zingèn,  
 Praÿ'r a-bringèn welcome rest  
 So softly to the troubled breast.

## OONE RULE.

An' while I zot, wi' thoughtvul mind,  
 Up where the lwonesome Coombs do wind,  
 An' watch'd the little gully slide  
 So crookèd to the river-zide;  
 I thought how wrong the Stour did seem  
 To roll along his ramblèn stream,  
 A-runnen wide the left o' south,  
 To vind his mouth, the right-hand zide.

But though his stream do teäke, at mill,  
 An eastward bend by Newton Hill,  
 An' goo to lae his welcome boon  
 O' daely water round Hammoon,  
 An' then wind off ageän, to run  
 By Blanvord, to the noondae zun,  
 'Tis only bound by oone rule all,  
 An' that 's to vall down steepest ground.

An' zoo, I thought, as we do bend  
 Our way droo life, to reach our end,  
 Our God ha' gi'ed us, vrom our youth,  
 Oone rule to be our guide—His truth.

And zoo wi' that, though we mid teäke  
 Wide rambles vor our callèns' seäke,  
 What is, is best, we needen fear,  
 An' we shall steer to happy rest.

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#### GOOD MEASTER COLLINS.

Aye, Mr. Collins were a-blest  
 Wi' greäce, and now 's a-gone to rest ;  
 An' though his heart did beät so meek  
 'S a little chile's, when he did speäk,  
 The godly wisdom ov his tongue  
 Wer' dew o' greäce to wold an' young.

'Twer' oonce, upon a zummer's tide,  
 I zot at Brookwell by his zide,  
 Avore the leäke, upon the rocks,  
 Above the water's idle shocks,  
 As little playsome weäves did zwim  
 Ageän the water's windy brim,  
 Out where the lofty tower o' stwone  
 Did stan' to years o' wind an' zun ;  
 An' where the zwellèn pillars bore  
 A pworch above the heavy door,



Wi' sister sheädes a-reachèn cool  
 Athirt the stwones an' sparklèn pool.  
 I spoke zome word that meäde en smile,  
 O' girt vo'k's wealth an' poor vo'k's twile,  
 As if I pin'd, vor want ov greäce,  
 To have a lord's or squier's pleäce.  
 "No, no," 'e zaid, "what God do zend  
 Is best vor all o's in the end,  
 An' all that we do need the mwost  
 Do come to us wi' leäst o' cost;—  
 Why, who could live upon the e'th  
 'lthout God's gift ov air vor breath?  
 Or who could bide below the zun  
 If water didden rise an' run?  
 An' who could work below the skies  
 If zun an' moon did never rise?  
 Zoo air an' water, an' the light,  
 Be gerter gifts, a-reckon'd right,  
 Than all the goold the darksome clay  
 Can ever yield to zunny day:  
 But then the air is roun' our heads,  
 Abroad by dae, or on our beds;  
 Where land do gi'e us room to bide,  
 Or seas do spread vor ships to ride;  
 An' He do zend his waters free,  
 Vrom clouds to lands, vrom lands to sea;

An' mornèn light do blush an' glow,  
 'Ithout our twile—'ithout our ho.

“Zoo let us never pine, in sin,  
 Vor gifts that be n't the best to win ;  
 The heaps o' goold that zome mid pile,  
 Wi' sleepless nights an' peaceless twile ;  
 Or manor that mid reach so wide  
 As Blackmwore is vrom zide to zide,  
 Or kingly sway, wi' life or death,  
 Vor helpless childern ov the e'th :  
 Vor theäse be n't gifts, as He do know,  
 That He in love should vu'st bestow ;  
 Or else we should have had our sheäre  
 O'm all wi' little twile or ceäre.

“Ov all His choicest gifts, His cry  
 Is, ‘Come, ye moneyless, and buy.’  
 Zoo blest is he that can but lift  
 His prayër vor a happy gift.”



## HERRENSTON.

Zoo then the leädy an' the squier,  
 At Christmas, gather'd gert an' small,  
 Vor me'th, avore their roarèn vier,  
 An' roun' their bword, 'ithin the hall;  
 An' there, in glitt'rèn rows, between  
 The roun'-rimm'd pleätes, our knives did sheen,  
 Wi' frothy eäle, an' cup, an' can,  
 Vor maïd an' man, at Herrenston.

An' there the jeints o' beef did stand,  
 Lik' cliffs o' rock, in goodly row;  
 Where oone mid quarry till his hand  
 Did tire, an' meäke but little show;  
 An' a'ter we'd a-took our seat,  
 An' greäce had been a-zaed vor meat,  
 We zet to work, an' zoo begun  
 Our feäst an' fun at Herrenston.

An' mothers there, beside the bboards,  
 Wi' little childern in their laps,  
 Did stoop, wi' lovèn looks an' words,  
 An' veed em up wi' bits an' draps;

An' smilèn husbands zent in quest  
 O' what their wives did like the best ;  
     An' you 'd ha' zeed a happy zight,  
     Thik merry night, at Herrenston.

An' then the band, wi' each his leaf  
     O' notes, above us at the zide,  
 Play'd up the praïse ov England's beef  
     An' vill'd our hearts wi' English pride ;  
 An' leafy chains o' garlands hung,  
 Wi' dazzlèn stripes o' flags, that swung  
     Above us, in a bleäze o' light,  
     Thik happy night, at Herrenston.

An' then the clerk, avore the vire,  
     Begun to leäd, wi' smilèn feäce,  
 A carol, wi' the Monkton quire,  
     That rung droo all the crowded pleäce.  
 An' dins' o' words an' læfter broke  
 In merry peals droo clouds o' smoke ;  
     Vor hardly wer there oone that spoke,  
     But pass'd a joke, at Herrenston.

Then man an' maïd stood up by twos,  
     In rows, droo passage, out to door,  
 An' gäily beät, wi' nimble shoes,  
     A daence upon the stwonèn floor.

But who is worthy vor to tell,  
 If she that then did bear the bell,  
     Wer' oone o' Monkton, or o' Ceäme,  
     Or zome sweet neäme ov Herrenston.

Zoo peace betide the gert vo'k's land,  
     When they can stoop, wi' kindly smile,  
 An' teäke a poor man by the hand,  
     An' cheer en in his daely twile.  
 An' Oh! mid He that's vur above  
 The highest here, reward their love,  
     An' gi'e their happy souls, droo greäce,  
     A higher pleäce than Herrenston.

~~~~~  
 OUT AT PLOUGH.

Though cool avore the sheenèn sky  
 Do vall the sheädes below the copse,  
 The timber-trees, a-reachèn high,  
 Ha' zunsheen on their lofty tops,  
 Where yonder land's a-lyèn plow'd,  
 An' red, below the snow-white cloud,  
 An' vlocks o' pitchèn rooks do vwold  
 Their wings to walk upon the mwold,  
     While floods be low,  
     An' buds do grow,  
     An' aïr do blow, a-broad, O.

But though the air is cworld below  
 The creaken copses' darksome screen,  
 The truest sheade do only show  
 How strong the warmer zun do sheen ;  
 An' even times o' grief an' pain,  
 Ha' good a-comen in their traïn,  
 An' 'tis but happiness do mark  
 The sheades o' sorrow out so dark.

As twiles be sad,

Or smiles be glad,

Or times be bad, at hwome, O.

An' there the zunny land do lie  
 Below the hangèn, in the law,  
 Wi' vurrows now a-crumblèn dry,  
 Below the plowman's dousty shoe ;  
 An' there the bwoy do whissel shill,  
 Below the skylark's merry bill,  
 Where primwrose beds do deck the zides  
 O' banks below the meäple wrides.

As trees be bright

Wi' bees in flight,

An' weäther's bright, abroad, O.

An' there, as sheenèn wheels do spin  
 Vull speed along the dousy rroad,  
 He can but stan', an' wish 'ithin  
 His mind to be their happy lwoad,  
 That he mid gaily ride, an' goo  
 To towns the rroad mid teäke en droo,  
 An' zee, for oonce, the zights behind  
 The bluest hills his eyes can vind,  
     O' towns, an' tow'rs,  
     An' downs, an' flow'rs,  
         In zunny hours, abroad, O.

But still, vor all the weather 's feäir,  
 Below a cloudless sky o' blue,  
 The bwoy at plough do little ceäre  
 How vast the brightest dae mid goo ;  
 Vor he 'd be glad to zee the zun  
 A-zettèn, wi' his work a-done,  
 That he, at hwome, mid stillinjaÿ  
 His happy bit ov evenèn play,  
     So light 's a lark  
     Till night is dark,  
         While dogs do bark, at hwome, O.

## THE PLEACE OUR OWN AGEAN.

Well! thanks to you, my faithful Jeäne,  
 So worksome wi' your head an' hand,  
 We seäved enough to get ageän  
 My poor forefaethers' plot o' land.  
 'Twer' folly lost, an' cunnen got,  
 What should ha' come to me by lot.  
 But let that goo; 'tis well the land  
 Is come to hand, by be'th or not.

An' there the brook, a-windèn round  
 The parric zide, do run below  
 The grey-stwon'd bridge wi' gurglèn sound,  
 A-sheäded by the arches' bow;  
 Where former days the wold brown meäre,  
 Wi' faether on her back, did wear  
 Wi' heavy shoes the grav'ly leäne,  
 An' sheäke her meäne o' yollor heäir.

An' many zummers there ha' glow'd,  
 To shrink the brook in bubblèn shoals,  
 An' warm the doust upon the road,  
 Below the trav'ller's burnèn zoles.



An' zome ha' zent us to our bed  
 In grief, an' zome in jaÿ ha' vled ;  
 But vew ha' come wi' happier light  
 Than what's now bright, above our head.

The brook did peärt, zome years agoo,  
 Our Grenley meäds vrom Knapton's Ridge ;  
 But now you know, between the two,  
 A road's a-meäde by Grenley Bridge.  
 Zoo why should we shrink back at zight  
 Ov hindrances we ought to slight ?  
 A hearty will, wi' God our friend,  
 Will gain its end, if 'tis but right.

~~~~~

JOHN AN' THOMAS.

*Thomas.*—How b'ye, then, John, to-night ; an' how  
 Be times a-waggèn on w' ye now ?  
 I can't help slackenèn my peäce  
 When I do come along your pleäce,  
 To zee what crops your bit o' groun'  
 Do bear ye all the zummer roun'.  
 'Tis true you don't get fruit nor blewth,  
 'Ithin the glassen houses' lewth ;

But if a man can rear a crop  
 Where win' do blow an' raïn can drop,  
 Do seem to come, below your hand,  
 As fine as any in the land.

*John.*—Well, there, the geården stuff an' flow'rs  
 Don't læve me many idle hours ;  
 But still, though I mid plant or zow,  
 'Tis Oone above do meåke it grow.

*Thomas.*—Aye, Aye, that 's true, but still your strip  
 O' groun' do show good workmanship :  
 You 've inons there nine inches round,  
 An' turmits that would waigh a pound ;  
 An' cabbage wi' its hard white head,  
 An' teäties in their dousty bed,  
 An' carrots big an' straight enough  
 Vor any show o' geården stuff ;  
 An' trees ov apples' red-skinnd balls,  
 An' purple plums upon the walls,  
 An' peas an' beåns ; bezides a store  
 O' eårbs vor ev'ry pain an' zore.

*John.*—An' auver hedge the win's a-heård,  
 A-ruslèn droo my barley's beard ;  
 An' swaÿen wheat do auverspread  
 Zix rudes in a sheet o' red ;

An' then there 's oone thing I do call  
 The girttest handiness of all :  
 My groun' is here at hand, avore  
 My eyes, as I do stan' at door ;  
 An' zoo I 've never any need  
 To goo a mile to pull a weed.

*Thomas.*—No, sure, a miël shooddën stratch  
 Between oone's geården an' oone's hatch.  
 A man would like his house to stand  
 Bezide his little bit o' land.

*John.*—Ees. When oone's groun' vor geården stuff  
 Is roun' below the house's ruf,  
 Then oone can spend upon oone's land  
 Odd minutes that mid lie on hand,  
 The while, wi' night a-comèn on,  
 The red west sky 's a-wearèn wan ;  
 Or while oone's wife, wi' busy hands,  
 Avore her vier o' burnèn brands,  
 Do put, as best she can avword,  
 Her bit o' dinner on the bwoard.  
 An' here, when I do teåke my road,  
 At breakfast-time, agwaïn abrode,  
 Why, I can zee if any plot  
 O' groun' do want a hand or not ;

An' bid my childern, when there 's need,  
 To drae a reäke or pull a weed,  
 Or heal young beäns or peas in line,  
 Or tie 'em up wi' rods an' twine,  
 Or peel a kindly withy white  
 To hold a droopèn flow'r upright.

*Thomas.*—No. Bits o' time can zeldom come  
 To much on groun' a mile vrom hwome;  
 A man at hwome should have in view  
 The jobs his childern's hands can do;  
 An' groun' abrode mid teäke em all  
 Beyond their mother's zight an' call,  
 To get a zoakèn in a storm,  
 Or vall, i' may be, into harm.

*John.*—Ees. Geärden groun', as I 've a-zed,  
 Is better near oone's bwoard an' bed.



## PENTRIDGE BY THE RIVER.

Pentridge !—oh ! my heart 's a-swellèn  
 Vull wi' jaÿ to hear ye tellèn

Any news o' thik wold pleâce,  
 An' the boughy hedges round it,  
 An' the river that do bound it

Wi' his dark but glisnèn feâce.  
 Vor there 's noo land, on either hand,  
 To me lik' Pentridge by the river.

Be there any leaves to quiver  
 On our aspen by the river ?

Doo er sheäde the water still,  
 Where the rushes be a-growèn,  
 Where the sullen Stour 's a-flowèn

Droo the meäds vrom mill to mill ?  
 Vor if a tree wer' dear to me,  
 Oh ! 'twer' thik aspen by the river.

There, in eegrass newly shootèn,  
 I did run on even vootèn,

Happy, awver new-mown land ;  
 Or did zing wi' zingèn drushes

While I plaïted, out o' rushes,  
 Little baskets vor my hand ;  
 Beside the clote that there did float,  
 Wi' yollor blossoms, on the river.

When the western zun 's a-vallèn,  
 What shill vaïce is now a-callèn  
     Hwome the deäiry to the pails ?  
 Who do dreve em on, a-flingèn  
 Wide-bow'd horns, or slowly zwingèn  
     Right an' left their tufty tails ?  
 As they do goo a-huddled droo  
 The geäte a-leädèn up vrom river.

Bleäded grass is now a-shootèn  
 Where the vloor wer' oonce our vootèn,  
     While the hall wer' still in pleäce.  
 Stwones be looser in the wallèn ;  
 Hollor trees be nearer vallèn ;  
     Ev'ry thing ha' chang'd its feäce.  
 But still the neäme do bide the scäme—  
 'Tis Pentridge—Pentridge by the river.



## WHEAT.

In brown-leav'd Fall the wheat a-left  
     'Ithin its darksome bed,  
 Where all the creakèn roller's heft  
     Seal'd down its lowly head,  
 Sprung sheäkèn droo the crumblèn mwold,  
     Green-yollor, vrom below,  
 An' bent its bleädes, a-glitt'rèn cwold,  
     At laest in winter snow.  
         Zoo luck betide  
         The upland zide,  
         Where wheat do wride,  
         In corn-vields wide,  
 By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

An' while the screamèn bird-bwoy shook  
     Wi' little zun-burnt hand,  
 His clacker at the bright-wing'd rook,  
     The thief o' zeeded land;  
 His meäster there did come an' stop  
     His bridle-champèn meäre,  
 Wi' thankvul heart, to zee his crop  
     A-comèn up so feäir.

As there awhile  
 By geäte or stile,  
 He gi'ed the chile  
 A cheerèn smile,  
 By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

At laest, wi' cärs o' darksome red,  
 The yollor stalks did ply,  
 A-swayèn slow, so heavy's lead,  
 In air a-blowèn by;  
 An' then the busy reapers laid  
 In row their russlèn grips,  
 An' sheaves, a-leänèn head by head,  
 Did meäke the stitches tips.  
 Zoo food's a-vound,  
 A-comèn round,  
 Vrom zeed in ground,  
 To sheaves a-bound,  
 By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

An' now the wheat, in lofty lwoads,  
 Above the meäres' broad backs,  
 Do ride along the cracklèn rwoads,  
 Or dowsty waggon-tracks.  
 An' there, mid every busy pick,  
 Ha' work enough to do;



An' where, afore, we built oone rick,  
 Mid theäse year gi'e us two ;  
 Wi' God our friend,  
 An' wealth to spend,  
 Vor zome good end,  
 That times mid mend,  
 In towns, an' Do'set Downs, O.

Zoo let the merry thatcher veel  
 Fine weather on his brow,  
 As he, in happy work, do kneel  
 Up roun' the new-built mow,  
 That now do zwell to sich a size,  
 An' rise to sich a height,  
 That, oh ! the miller's wistful eyes  
 Do sparkle at the zight.  
 An' long mid stand,  
 A happy band,  
 To till the land,  
 Wi' head an' hand,  
 By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

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## THE MEAD IN JUNE.

Ah! how the looks o' sky an' ground  
 Do change wi' months a-stealèn round,  
 When northern winds, by starry night,  
 Do stop in ice the river's flight;  
 Or brooks in winter rains do zwell,  
 Lik' rollèn seas athirt the dell;  
 Or trickle thin in zummer-tide,  
 Among the mossy stwones haef dried;  
 But still, below the zun or moon,  
 The feärest vield 's the meäd in June.

An' I mus' own, my heart do beät  
 Wi' pride avore my own blue geäte,  
 Where I can bid the steätely tree  
 Be cast at langth avore my knee;  
 An' clover red, an' deäzies feär,  
 An' gil'cups wi' their yollor gleäre,  
 Be all a-match'd avore my zight  
 By wheelèn butternlees in flight,  
 The while the burnèn zun at noon  
 Do sheen upon my meäd in June.

An' there do zing the swingèn lark  
 So gay 's above the finest park,  
 An' dae do sheäde my trees as true  
 As any steätely avenue ;  
 An' show'ry clouds o' spring do pass  
 To shed their raïn on my young grass,  
 An' aïr do blow the whole dae long,  
 To bring me breath, an' teäke my zong,  
 An' I do miss noo needvul boon  
 A-gied to other meäds in June.

An' when the bloomèn rrose do ride  
 Upon the boughy hedge's zide,  
 We haymeäkers, in snow-white sleeves,  
 Do work in sheades o' quiv'rèn leaves,  
 In a'ternoon, a-liftèn high  
 Our reäkes avore the viery sky,  
 A-reäken up the haÿ a-dried  
 By dae, in longsöme weäles, to bide  
 In chilly dew below the moon,  
 O' shorten'd nights in zultry June.

An' there the brook do sof'ly flow  
 Along, a-bendèn in a bow,  
 An' vish, wi' zides o' zilver-white,  
 Do flash vrom shoals a dazzlèn light ;

An' alders by the water's edge,  
 Do sheäde the ribbon-bleäded zedge ;  
 An' where, below the withy's head,  
 The zwimmèn clote-leaves be a-spread,  
 The angler is a-zot at noon  
 Upon the flow'ry bank in June.

Vor all the aiër that do bring  
 My little meäd the breath o' spring,  
 By dae an' night's a-flowèn wide  
 Above all other vields bezide ;  
 Vor all the zun above my ground  
 'S a-zent vor all the naìghbours round,  
 An' raìn do vall, an' streams do flow,  
 Vor lands above, an' lands below,  
 My bit o' meäd is God's own boon,  
 To me alwone, vrom June to June.

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#### EARLY RISEN.

The air to gi'e your cheäks a hue  
 O' rwozy red, so feaìr to view,  
 Is what do sheäke the grass-bleädes grae  
 At break o' dae, in mornèn dew ;

Vor vo'k that will be rathe abrode,  
Will meet wi' health upon their road.

But bidèn up till dead o' night,  
When han's o' clocks do stan' upright,  
By candle-light, do soon consume  
The feäce's bloom, an' turn it white.  
An' moon-beäms cast vrom midnight skies  
Do blunt the sparklèn ov the eyes.

Vor health do weäke vrom nightly dreams  
Below the mornèn's eärly beams,  
An' leäve the dead-äir'd houses' eaves,  
Vor quiv'rèn leaves, an' bubblèn streams,  
A-glitt'rèn brightly to the view,  
Below a sky o' cloudless blue.



# ZELLEN OONE'S HONEY TO BUY ZOME'HAT SWEET.

Why, his heart's lik' a popple, so hard as a stwone,  
Vor 'tis money, an' money's his ho,  
An' to handle an' reckon it up vor his own,  
Is the best o' the jaÿs he do know.

Why, vor money he 'd gi'e up his lags an' be leäme,  
 Or would peärt wi' hiz zight an' be blind,  
 Or would lose vo'k's good will, vor to have a bad neäme,  
 Or his peace, an' have trouble o' mind.  
 But wi' ev'ry good thing that his meänness mid bring,  
 He 'd pay vor his money,  
 An' only zell honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

'E did whisper to me, "You do know that you stood  
 By the Squier, wi' the vote that you had,  
 You could ax en to help ye to zome'hat as good,  
 Or to vind a good pleäce vor your lad."  
 "Aye, aye, but if I were beholden vor bread  
 To another," I zaid, "I should bind  
 All my body an' soul to the nod of his head,  
 An' gi'e up all my freedom o' mind."  
 An' then, if my pain wer' a-zet wi' my gain,  
 I should pay vor my money,  
 An' only zell honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

Then, if my bit o' brook that do wind so vur round,  
 Wer' but his, why, he 'd straighten his bed,  
 An' the wold stunpole woak that do stan' in my ground,  
 Shoudden long sheäde the grass wi' his head.  
 But if I do vind jaÿ where the leaves be a-shook  
 On the lim's, wi' their sheädes on the grass,

Or below, in the bow of the withy-bound nook,  
 That the rock-washèn water do pass,  
 Then wi' they jaÿs a-vled an' zome goold in their stead,  
     I should paÿ vor my money,  
 An' only zell honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

No, be my lot good work, wi' the lungs well in play,  
     An' good rest when the body do tire,  
 Vor the mind a good conscience, wi' hope or wi' jaÿ,  
     Vor the body, good lewth, an' good vire,  
 There's noo good o' goold, but to buy what 'ull meäke  
     Vor our happiness here among men;  
 An' who would gi'e happiness up vor the seäke  
     O' zome money to buy it ageän?  
 Vor 'twould seem to the eyes ov a man that is wise,  
     Lik' money vor money,  
 Or zellèn oone's honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

~~~~~  
 DOBBIN DEAD.

*Thomas (1) and John (2) a-ta'kèn o't.*

2. I do veel vor ye, Thomas, vor I be a-feär'd  
     You've lost your wold meäre then, by what I've a-heärd.
1. Ees, my meäre is a-gone, an' the cart's in the shed  
     Wi' his wheelbonds a-rustèn, an' I'm out o' bread;

Vor what be my han's vor to eärn me a crowst,  
 Wi' noo meäre's vower legs vor to trample the dowst.

2. Well, how did it happen? 'E vell from the brim  
 Ov a cliff, as the teäle is, an' broke ev'ry lim'.
1. Why, I gi'd en his run, an' 'e shook his wold meäne,  
 An' 'e rambled a-veedèn in Westergap Leäne;  
 An' there 'e must needs goo a-riggèn, an' crope  
 Vor a vew bleädes o' grass up the wo'st o' the slope;  
 Though I should ha' thought his wold head would ha'  
     know'd  
 That vor stiff lags, lik' his, the best pleäce wer' the road.
2. An' you hadden a-kept en so short he must clim',  
 Lik' a gwoat, vor a bleäde, at the risk ov a lim'.
1. No, but there, I'm a-twold, he did clim' an' did slide,  
 An' did screäpe, an' did slip, on the shelvèn bank-zide,  
 An' at langth lost his vootèn, an' roll'd vrom the top,  
 Down, thump, kick, an' higgledly, piggedly, flop.
2. Dear me, that is bad! I do veel vor your loss,  
 Vor a vew years agoo, Thomas, I lost my hoss.
1. How wer't? if I heärd, I have now a-forgot;  
 Wer' the poor thing bewitch'd, or a-pwison'd, or what?
2. He wer' out, an' a-meäkèn his way to the brink  
 O' the stream at the end o' Church Leäne, vor to drink;



An' he met wi' zome yew-twigs the men had a-cast  
 Vrom the yew-tree, in churchyard, the road that he past.  
 He wer' pwison'd. (1) O dear, 'tis a hard loss to bear,  
 Vor a tranter's whole bread is a-lost wi' his meäre;  
 But ov all churches' yew-trees, I never zet eyes  
 On a tree that would come up to thik oone vor size.

2. No, tis long years ago, but do linger as clear  
 In my mind though as if I'd a-hgård it to year. [feäce  
 When King George wer' in Do'set, an' show'd his round  
 By our very own doors, at our very own pleäce,  
 That 'e look'd at thik yew-tree, an' nodded his head,  
 An' 'e zaid,—an' I'll tell ye the words that 'e zaid:—  
 "I'll be bound, if you'll search my dominions all dree,  
 That you woon't vind the fellor to thik there wold yew."

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#### HAPPINESS.

Ah! you do seem to think the ground,  
 Where happiness is mwestly vound,  
 Is where the high-peäl'd park do reach  
 Wi' elem-rows, or clumps o' beech;  
 Or where the coach do stand avore  
 The twelve-tunn'd house's lofty door,

Or men can ride behin' their hounds  
 Vor miles athirt their own wide grounds,  
     An' seldom wi' the lowly;  
 Upon the green that we do tread,  
 Below the welsh-nut's wide-limb'd head,  
 Or grass where apple-trees do spread?  
 No, so's; no, no: not high nor low:  
     'Tis where the heart is holy.

'Tis true its veet mid tread the vloor,  
 'Ithin the marble-pillar'd door,  
 Where dae do cast, in high-roof'd halls,  
 His light droo lofty windor'd walls;  
 An' wax-white han's do never tire  
 Wi' strokes ov heavy work vor hire,  
 An' all that money can avword  
 Do lwoad the zilver-brighten'd bwoard;  
     Or mid be wi' the lowly,  
 Where turf's a-smwolderèn avore  
 The back, to warm the stwonèn vloor,  
 An' love's at hwome 'ithin the door?  
 No, so's; no, no; not high nor low:  
     'Tis where the heart is holy.

An' ceäre can come 'ithin a ring  
 O' sworded guards, to smite a king,

Though he mid hold 'ithin his hands  
 The zwarmèn vo'k o' many lands ;  
 Or goo in droo the iron-geäte  
 Avore the house o' lofty steäte ;  
 Or reach the miser that do smile  
 A-buildèn up his goolden pile ;  
     Or else mid smite the lowly,  
 That have noo pow'r to loose or bind  
 Another's body, or his mind,  
 But only hands to help mankind.  
 If there is rest 'ithin the breast,  
     'Tis where the heart is holy.

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#### GRUFFMOODY GRIM.

Aye, a sad life his wife must ha' led,  
 Vor so snappish he 's leätely a-come,  
 That there 's nothèn but anger or dread  
 Where he is, abroad or at hwome ;  
 He do wreak all his spite on the bwones  
 O' whatever do vlee, or do crawl ;  
 He do quarrel wi' stocks, an' wi' stwones,  
 An' the raïn, if do hold up or vall ;  
 There is nothèn vrom mornèn till night  
 Do come right to Gruffmoody Grim.

Oone night, in his anger, 'e zwoore  
 At the vier, that didden burn free :  
 An' 'e het zome o't out on the vloor,  
 Vor a vlanker it cast on his knee.  
 Then 'e kicked it vor burnèn the child,  
 An' het it among the cat's heairs ;  
 An' then beät the cat, a-run wild,  
 Wi' a spark on her back up the steaïrs ;  
 Vor even the vier an' fleäme  
 Be to bleäme wi' Gruffmoody Grim.

Then 'e snarl'd at the tea in his cup,  
 Vor 'twere' all a-got cwold in the pot,  
 But 'twere' woo'se when his wife vill'd it up  
 Vrom the vier, vor 'twere' then scaldèn hot ;  
 Then 'e growl'd that the bread wer' sich stuff  
 As noo hammer in parish cood crack,  
 An' flung down the knife in a huff ;  
 Vor the edge o'n wer' thicker 'n the back.  
 Vor beäkers an' meäkers o' tools  
 Be all fools wi' Gruffmoody Grim.

Oh ! he's welcome, vor me, to breed dread  
 Wherever his sheäde mid alight,  
 An' to live wi' noo me'th round his head,  
 An' noo feäce wi' a smile in his zight ;

But let vo'k be all merry an' zing  
 At the he'th where my own logs do burn,  
 An' let anger's gert vist never swing  
 In where I have a door on his durn ;  
 Vor I'll be a happier man,  
 While I can, than Gruffmoody Grim.

To zit down by the vier at night,  
 Is my jaÿ—vor I woon't call it pride,—  
 Wi' a brand on the bricks, all alight,  
 An' a pile o' zome mwore at the zide.  
 Then tell me o' zome'hat that's droll,  
 An' I'll laef till my two zides do eäche ;  
 Or o' naighbours in sorrow o' soul,  
 An' I'll twile all the night vor their seäke ;  
 An' show that to teäke things amiss  
 Idden bliss, to Gruffmoody Grim.

An' then let my chile clim' my lag,  
 An' I'll lift en, wi' love, to my chin ;  
 Or my maïd come an' coax me to bag  
 Vor a frock, an' a frock she wull win ;  
 Or, then if my wife do meäke light  
 O' whatever the bwoys mid ha' broke,  
 It wull seem but so small in my zight,  
 As a leaf a-het down vrom a woak ;

An' not meäke me ceäper an' froth  
 Vull o' wrath, lik' Gruffmoody Grim.



SAM'EL DOWN VROM LON'ON.

When Cousin Sam come down vrom Lon'on,  
 Along at vu'st I wer' so mad wi'n,  
 He though hizzelf so very cunnèn ;  
 But eet, vor all, what fun we had wi'n !  
 Why, if a goose did only wag her tail,  
 An' come a-hissèn at his lags, she 'd zet en  
 A-meäkèn off behine a wall or rail  
 A-wa'kèn, but as vast as sheäme would let en.  
 Or if a zow did nod her lop-ear'd head,  
 A-trottèn an' a-gruntèn wi' her litter,  
 She 'd put the little chap in zich a twitter,  
 His vaice did quiver in his droat wi' dread.  
 An' if a bull did screäpe the groun' an' bleäre,  
 His dizzy head did poke up every heär.  
 An' eet he thought hizzelf a goodish rider,  
 An' we all thought there werden many woo'se ;  
 'E zot upon the meäre so scram's a spider,  
 A-holdèn on the web o'n, when 'tis loose.  
 Oone day, when we wer' all a little idle,  
 He zaid he 'd have a ride upon the hoss a bit.  
 An' Sorrel, when she vound en pull the bridle

In his queer way, begun to prance, an' toss a bit.  
 An' he did knit his brows, an' scwold the meäre,  
 An' she ageän did trample back an' rear,  
 A-woonderen who t'wer' she had to zit zoo,  
 An' what queer han' did tuggy at her bit zoo.  
 But when she got her head a little rightish,  
 She carr'd en off, while we did nearly split  
 Our zides a-laefen, vor to zee en zit,  
 If zit he did, an' that did meäke en spitish.  
 Zoo on 'e rod so fine, a pokèn out  
 His two splay veet avore en, all astrout,  
 A-flappèn up his elbows, lik' two wings,  
 To match the hosses steps, wi' timely springs.  
 But there, poor Sam'el hadden gone  
 Droo Hwomegroun' when wold Sorrel shied  
 At zome'hat there, an' sprung azide  
 An' shot off Sam'el lik' a bag o' bron.  
 'E vell, tis true, upon a grassy hump,  
 But nearly squilch'd his breath out wi' the thump,  
 An' quot the sheenèn hat 'e wore,  
 An' laïd wi' all his lim's a-spread,  
 An' seemènly so loose an' dead,  
 'S a doll a-cast upon a vloor.  
 When Cousin Sam come down vrom Lon'on,  
 He thought hizzelf so very cunnèn.



## THE SPARROW CLUB.

Laest night the merry farmer's sons,  
 Vrom gertest down to læst, min,  
 Gi'ed in the work of all their guns,  
 An' had their sparrow feäst, min.  
 An' who vor oone good merry soul  
 Should goo to sheäre their me'th, min,  
 But Gammon Gay, a chap so droll,  
 He'd meäke ye laef to death, min.

Vor heads o' sparrows they've a-shot  
 They'll have a prize in cwein, min,  
 That is, if they can meäke their scot,  
 Or else they'll pay a fine, min.  
 An' all the money they can teäke  
 'S a-gather'd up there-right, min,  
 An' spent in meat an' drink, to meäke  
 A supper vor the night, min.

Zoo when they took away the cloth,  
 In middle of their din, min,  
 An' cups o' eäle begun to froth,  
 Below their merry chin, min,



An' when the zong, by turn or chaïce,  
 Went roun' vrom tongue to tongue, min,  
 Then Gammon pitch'd his merry vaïce,  
 An' here 's the zong 'e zung, min.

*Zong.*

If you 'll but let your clackers rest  
 Vrom jabberèn an' hootèn,  
 I 'll teäke my turn, an' do my best,  
 To zing o' sparrow shootèn.  
 Since every oone mus' pitch his kae  
 An' zing a zong, in coo'se, lads,  
 Why sparrow heads shall be to-dae  
 The heads o' my discoo'se, lads.

We 'll zend abroad our viery häil  
 Till ev'ry foe 's a-vled, lads,  
 An' though the rogues mid all turn täil,  
 We 'll quickly show their head, lads.  
 In corn, or out in open groun',  
 In bush, or up in tree, lads,  
 If we don't kill em, I 'll be boun',  
 We 'll meäke their veathers vlee, lads.

Zoo let the belted spwortsman brag  
 When they 've a-won a neäme, so's,  
 That they do vind, or they do bag,  
 Zoo many head o' geäme, so's ;

Vor when our cwein is feairly won,  
 By heads o' sundry sizes,  
 Why, who can slight what we 've a-done?  
 We 've all a-won *head* prizes.

Then teäke a drap vor harmless fun,  
 But not enough to quarrel;  
 Though where a man do like the gun,  
 He can't but need the barrel.  
 O' goodly feäre, avore we 'll start,  
 We 'll zit an' teäke our vill, min;  
 Our supper-bill can be but short,  
 'Tis but a sparrow-bill, min.

~~~~~  
 GAMMONY GAY.

Oh! thik Gammony Gay is so droll,  
 That if he's at hwome by the he'th,  
 Or wi' vo'k out o' door, he's the soul  
 O' the meetèn vor antics an' me'th;  
 He do cast off the thoughts ov ill luck  
 As the water's a-shot vrom a duck;  
 He do zing where his naìghbours would cry—  
 He do laefe where the rest o's would sigh:  
 Noo other's so merry o' feäce,  
 In the pleäce, as Gammony Gay.

And o' workèn daes, Oh! he do wear  
 Such a funny roun' hat,—you mid know 't—  
 Wi' a brim all a-strout roun' his heäir,  
 An' his glissenèn eyes down below 't;  
 And a cwoat wi' broad skirts that do vlee  
 In the wind ov his walk, round his knee;  
 An' a peäir o' gert pockets lik' bags,  
 That do swing an' do bob at his lags:  
 While me'th do walk out droo the pleäce,  
 In the feäce of Gammony Gay.

An' if he do goo awver groun'  
 Wi' noo soul vor to greet wi' his words,  
 The feäce o'n do look up an' down,  
 An' round en so quick as a bird's;  
 An' if he do vall in wi' vo'k,  
 Why, tidden vor want ov a joke,  
 If 'e don't zend em on vrom the pleäce  
 Wi' a smile or a grin on their feäce:  
 An' the young wi' the wold have a-heärd  
 A kind word vrom Gammony Gay.

An' when he do whissel or hum,  
 'Ithout thinkèn o' what he 's a-doèn,  
 He'll beät his own lags vor a drum,  
 An' bob his gay head to the tuèn;

An' then you mid zee, 'etween whiles,  
 His feâce all alive wi' his smiles,  
 An' his gay-breathèn bozom do rise,  
 An' his me'th do sheen out ov his eyes :  
 An' at laest to have praise or have bleäme,  
 Is the scäme to Gammony Gay.

When 'e drove his wold cart out, and broke  
 The nut o' the wheel at a butt,  
 There wer' "woo'se things," 'e cried, wi' a joke,  
 "To grieve at than crackèn a nut."  
 An' when 'e tipp'd awver a lwoad  
 Ov his reed-sheaves oone dae on the rwoad,  
 Then 'e spet in his han's, out o' sleeves,  
 An' whissel'd, an' flung up his sheaves,  
 As very vew others can wag,  
 Eärm or lag, but Gammony Gay.

He wer' wi' as oone night when the band  
 Wer' a-come vor to gi'e us a hop,  
 An' he pull'd Grammer out by the hand  
 All down droo the daence vrom the top ;  
 An' Grammer did hobble an' squall,  
 Wi' Gammon a-leädèn the ball ;  
 While Gammon did sheäke up his knee  
 An' his voot, zingèn "Diddle-ee-dee !"

An' we laeft ourselves all out o' breath  
At the me'th o' Gammony Gay.

When our tun wer' o' vier 'e rod  
Out to help us, an' meäde us sich fun,  
Vor 'e clomb up to dreve in a wad  
O' wet thorns, to the he'th, vrom the tun;  
An' there 'e did stamp wi' his voot,  
To push down the thorns an' the zoot,  
Till at laest down the chimley's black wall  
Went the wad, an' poor Gammon an' all:  
An' seäfe on the he'th, wi' a grin  
On his chin, pitch'd Gammony Gay.

The house-dogs do waggle their tails,  
If they do but catch zight ov his feäce;  
An' the hosses do look awver rails,  
An' whicker to zee 'n at the pleäce;  
An' he'll always bestow a good word  
On a cat or a whisselèn bird;  
An' even if culvers do coo,  
Or an owl is a-cryèn "Hoo, hoo,"  
Where he is, there's always a joke  
To be spoke, by Gammony Gay.

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## THE HEARE.

*Dree o'm a-ta'kèn o't.*

- (1) There be the greyhounds ! lok ! an' there 's the heäre !  
 (2) What houns', the squier's, Thomas? where, then, where?  
 (1) Why, out in Ash Hill, near the barn, behine  
     Thik tree. (3) The pollard? (1) Pollard! no, b'ye bline?  
 (2) There, I do zee em awver-right thik cow.  
 (3) The red oone? (1) No, a mile beyand her now.  
 (3) Oh ! there 's the heäre, a-meäkèn for the drong.  
 (2) My goodness ! How the dogs do zweep along,  
     A-pokèn out their pweinted noses' tips.  
 (3) 'E can't allow hizzuf much time vor slips !  
 (1) They 'll hab'en, a'ter all, I 'll bet a crown.  
 (2) Done vor a crown. They woon't ! E's gwäin to groun',  
 (3) He is ! (1) He idden ! (3) Ah ! 'tis well his tooes  
     Ha' got noo corns, inside o' hobnail shoes.  
 (1) He 's geäme a-runnèn too. Why, he do mwore  
     Than eärn his life. (3) His life wer' his avore.  
 (1) There, now the dogs wull turn en. (2) No ! He 's right.  
 (1) He idden ! (2) Ees he is ! (3) He 's out o' zight.  
 (1) Aye, aye. His mettle wull be well a-tried  
     Agwäin down Verny Hill, o' t'other zide.

- They 'll have en there. (3) O! no, a vew good hops  
Wull teäke en on to Knapton Lower Copse.
- (2) An' that 's a meesh that he've a-took avore.
- (3) Ees, that 's his hwome. (1) He 'll never reach his door.
- (2) He wull! (1) He woont. (3) Now, hark, d'ye hear en  
now?
- (2) O! here 's a bwoy a-come athirt the brow  
O' Knapton Hill. We'll ax en. (1) Here, my bwoy!  
Can'st tell us where 's the heäre? (4) He 's got away.
- (2) Ees, got away, in coo'se, I never zeed  
A heäre a-scotèn on wi' haef his speed.
- (1) Why, there, the dogs be wold, an' haef a-done.  
They can't catch anything wi' lags to run.
- (2) Vrom vu'st to laste they had but little chance  
O' catchèn o'n. (3) They had a perty dance.
- (1) No! catch en, no! I little thought they would;  
He know'd his road too well to Knapton Wood.
- (3) No! no! I wish the squier would let me feäre  
On rabbits till his hounds do catch thik heäre.

~~~~~

NANNY GILL.

Ah! they wer' times, when Nanny Gill  
Went so'jerèn ageäntst her will,  
Back when the King come down to view  
His hoss an' voot, in red an' blue

An' they did march in rows,  
 An' wheel in lines an' bows,  
 Below the King's own nose ;  
 An' guns did ppoint, an' swords did gleäre,  
 A-fightèn foes that werden there.

Poor Nanny Gill (we know'd her well)  
 Did goo to town wi' vish to zell,  
 A-pack'd wi' ceäre, in even lots,  
 A-hossback in a peäir o' pots.  
 An' zoo when she did ride  
 Between her panniers wide,  
 Red-cloked in all her pride,  
 Why, who but she, an' who but broke  
 The road avore her scarlet cloke !

But Nanny's hoss that she did ride,  
 Oonce carr'd a sword ageän his zide,  
 An' had, to prick en into rank,  
 A so'jer's spurs ageän his flank ;  
 An' zoo, when he got zight  
 O' swords a-gleamèn bright,  
 An' men agwaïn to fight,  
 He set his eyes athirt the ground,  
 An' prick'd his ears to catch the sound.



Then Nanny gi'ed his zide a kick,  
 An' het en wi' her limber stick ;  
 But suddenly a horn did sound,  
 An' zend the hossmen off vull bound ;  
     An' her hoss at the zight  
     Went a'ter em, vull flight,  
     Wi' Nanny in a fright,  
 A-pullèn, wi' a scream an' grin,  
 Her wold brown ràins to hold en in.

But no ! he went away vull bound,  
 As vast as he could tear the ground,  
 An' took, in line, a so'jer's pleäce,  
 Vor Nanny's cloke an' frighten'd feäce ;  
     While vo'k did laef an' shout  
     To zee her cloke stream out,  
     As she did wheel about,  
 A-cryèn, " Oh ! la ! dear ! " in fright,  
 The while her hoss did play sham fight.



MY LOVE'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

As in the cool-air'd road I come by,  
—in the night,  
Under the moon-clim'd height, o' the sky,  
—in the night,  
There by the lime's broad lim's I did staÿ,  
While in the air dark sheädes wer' at play  
Up on the windor-glass that did keep  
Lew vrom the wind, my true-love asleep,  
—in the night.

While in the gray-wall'd height o' the tow'r,  
—in the night,  
Sounded the midnight bell wi' the hour,  
—in the night,  
There come a bright-heär'd angel that shed  
Light vrom her white robe's zilvery thread,  
Wi' her fore-vinger held up to meäke  
Silence around lest sleepers mid weäke,  
—in the night.

“Oh! then,” I whisper’d, “do I behold  
—in the night,  
Linda, my true-love, here in the cworld,  
—in the night?”

“No,” she did answer, “you do mistake :  
 She is asleep, ’tis I be awake ;  
 I be her angel brightly a-drest,  
 Watchèn her slumber while she do rest,  
   —in the night.

“Zee how the clear win’s, brisk in the bough,  
   —in the night,  
 While they do pass, don’t smite on her brow,  
   —in the night ;  
 Zee how the cloud-sheädes naïseless do zweep  
 Awver the house-top where she’s asleep.  
 You, too, goo on, though times mid be near,  
*When* you, wi’ me, mid speäk to her ear  
   —in the night.”

~~~~~  
 LEEBURN MILL.

Ov all the meäds wi’ shoals an’ pools,  
 Where streams did sheäke the limber zedge,  
 An’ milkèn vo’k did teäke their stools,  
 In evenèn zun-light under hedge :  
 Ov all the wears the brooks did vill,  
 Or all the hatches where a sheet  
 O’ foam did leäp below oone’s veet,  
 The pleäce vor me wer’ Leeburn Mill.

♣ An' while below the mossy wheel  
 All day the foamèn stream did roar,  
 An' up in mill the floatèn meal  
 Did pitch upon the sheäkèn vloor,  
 We then could vind but vew han's still,  
 Or veet a-restèn off the groun',  
 An' seldom hear the merry sound  
 O' geämes a-play'd at Leeburn Mill.

But when they let the stream goo free,  
 Bezide the drippèn wheel at rest,  
 An' leaves upon the poplar-tree  
 Wer' dark avore the glowèn west ;  
 An' when the clock, a-ringèn sh'ill,  
 Did slowly beät zome evenèn hour,  
 Oh ! then 'ithin the leafy bow'r  
 Our tongues did run at Leeburn Mill.

An' when November's win' did blow,  
 Wi' hufflèn storms along the pläin,  
 An' blacken'd leaves did lie below  
 The neäked tree, a-zoak'd wi' räin,  
 I werden at a loss to vill  
 The darkest hour o' räiny skies,  
 If I did vind avore my eyes  
 The feäces down at Leeburn Mill.

## PRAISE O' DORSET.

We Do'set, though we mid be hwomely,  
     Be'nt asheām'd to own our pleāce ;  
 An' we've zome women not uncomely,  
     Nor asheām'd to show their feāce ;  
 We've a meād or two wo'th mowèn,  
 We've an ox or two wo'th showèn,  
     In the village,  
     At the tillage,  
 Come along an' you shall vind  
 That Do'set men don't sheāme their kind.  
     Friend an' wife,  
     Faethers, mothers, sisters, brothers,  
     Happy, happy, be their life !  
     Vor Do'set dear,  
     Then gi'e oone cheer ;  
     D'ye hear ? oone cheer !

An' if in Do'set you be roamèn,  
     An' ha' bus'ness at a farm,  
 Then woont ye zee your cāle a-foamèn,  
     Or your cider down to warm ?

Woont ye have brown bread a-put ye,  
An' some vinny cheese a-cut ye?

Butter?—rolls o't!

Cream?—why bowls o't!

Woont ye have, in short, your vill,  
A-gi'ed wi' a right good will?

Friend an' wife,

Faethers, mothers, sisters, brothers,

Happy, happy, be their life!

Vor Do'set dear,

Then gi'e oone cheer;

D'ye hear? oone cheer!

An' woont ye have vor ev'ry shillèn,

Shillèn's wo'th at any shop,

Though Do'set chaps be up to zellèn,

An' can meäke a tidy swop?

Use em well, they'll use you better;

In good turns they woont be debtor.

An' so comely,

An' so hwomely,

Be the maïdens, if your son

Took oone o'm, then you'd cry "Well done!"

Friend an' wife,

Faethers, mothers, sisters, brothers,

Happy, happy, be their life!

Vor Do'set dear,  
 Then gi'e oone cheer ;  
 D'ye hear ? oone cheer !

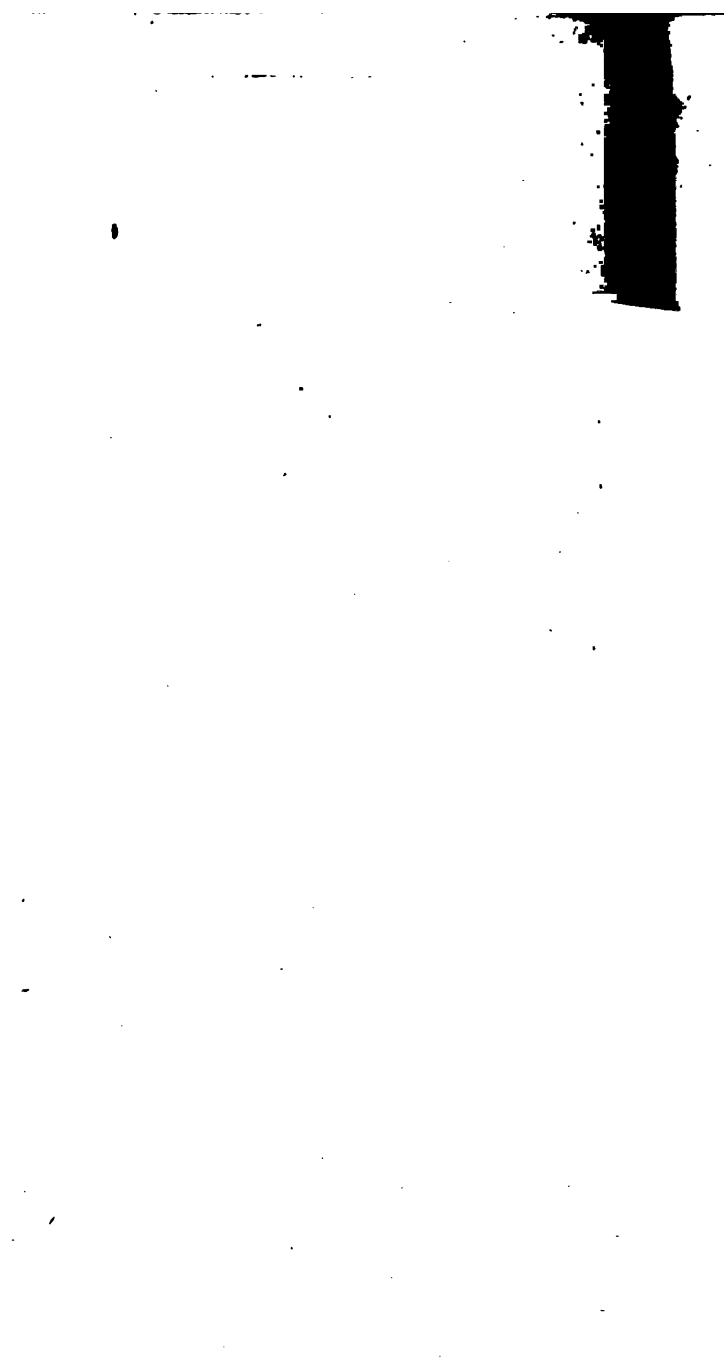
If you do zee our good men travel,  
 Down a-voot, or on their meäres,  
 Along the winden leänes o' gravel,  
 To the markets or the feäirs,—  
 Though their hosses cwoats be ragged,  
 Though the men be muddy-laggèd,  
   'Be em roughish,  
   Be em gruffish,  
 They be sound, an' they will stand  
 By what is right wi' heart an' hand.  
 Friend an' wife,  
 Faethers, mothers, sisters, brothers,  
 Happy, happy, be their life !  
 Vor Do'set dear,  
 Then gi'e oone cheer ;  
 D'ye hear ? oone cheer !











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